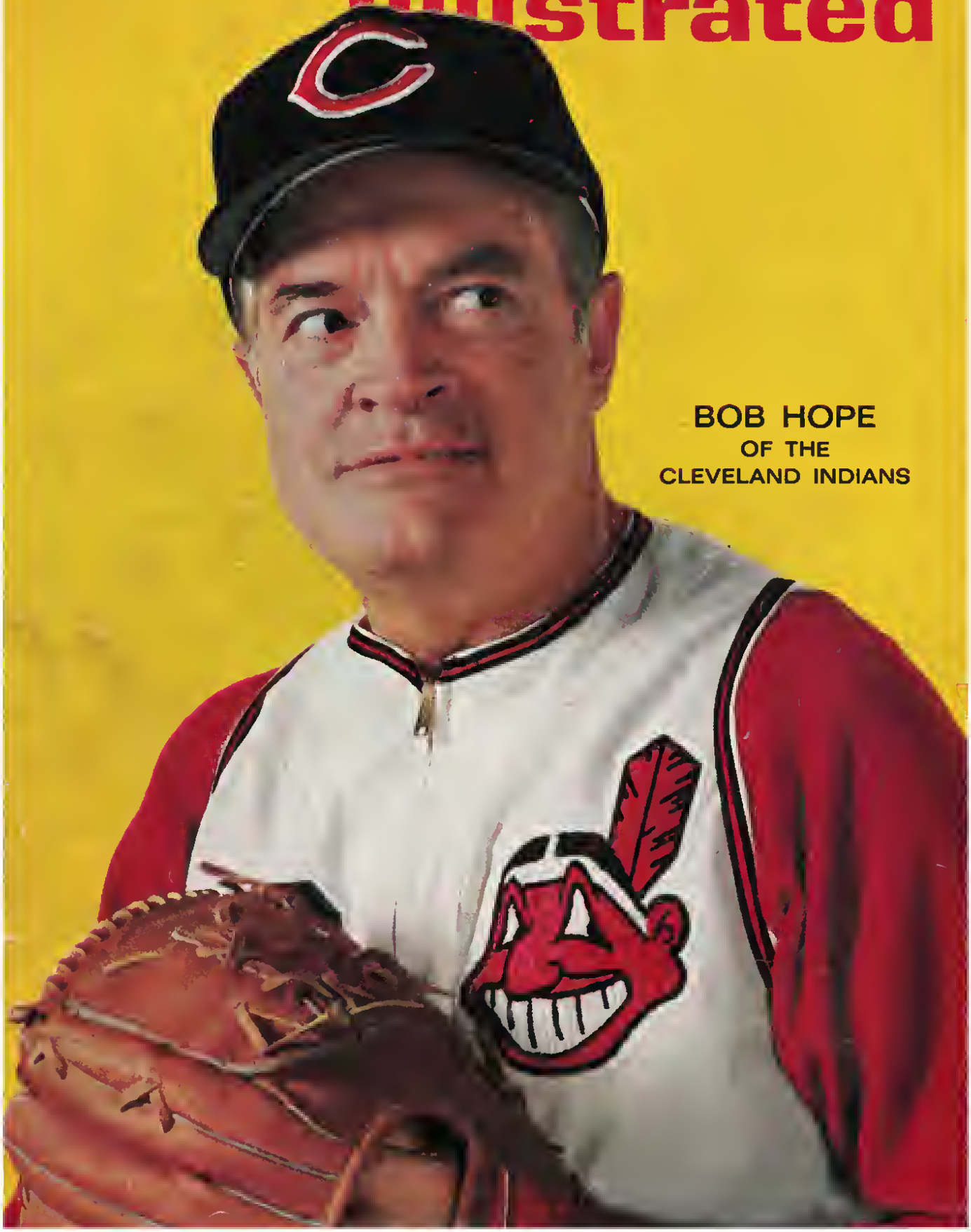
Sports Illustrated

JUNE 3, 1963 25 CENTS



BOB HOPE
OF THE
CLEVELAND INDIANS

BROWN SHOE COMPANY

Quality at your feet »

The handsome HOBO

—good-looking casuals that stay that way

Meet the Hobo—as carefree as a shoe can be! Soft brushed pigskin uppers specially treated to shed water, dirt and stains, and keep the Hobo handsome. Cool, and only 12 ounces light, too, with soft crepe soles to cushion each step. At your Pedwin store—now.

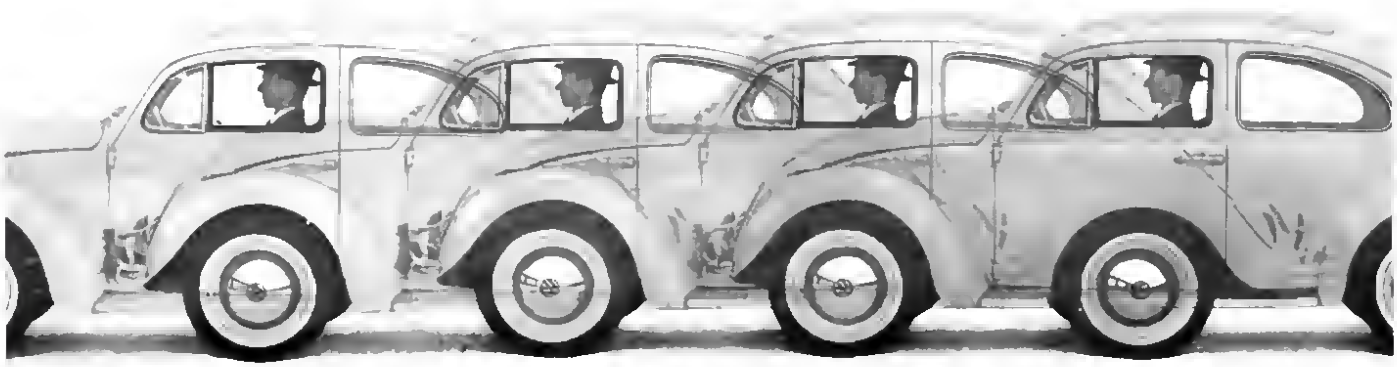
9.99

HOBO Golf Shoes 12.99.
HOBO Juniors for boys 8.99.
Other Pedwin styles 9.99 to 12.99
All Higher Denver West and Canada

HOBO™ by pedwin®

young ideas in shoes

PEDWIN DIVISION BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI Also manufactured by Brown Shoe Company of Canada Ltd., Perth, Ontario.



Why does the Volkswagen have 4 forward speeds?

The VW has 4 forward speeds because 3 wouldn't be enough and 5 would be one too many.

The 4 forward speeds let you get the most out of the engine without straining it.

And without swallowing up a lot of gas.

1st gear gets you off to a running start.

And 4th gear is actually overdrive; it lets the engine relax (and live longer) when you're on the highway.

Just to make it easy, all 4 gears are synchromesh. You can shift up, down and sideways without crunching.

But maybe more than anything else, shifting helps relieve the boredom.

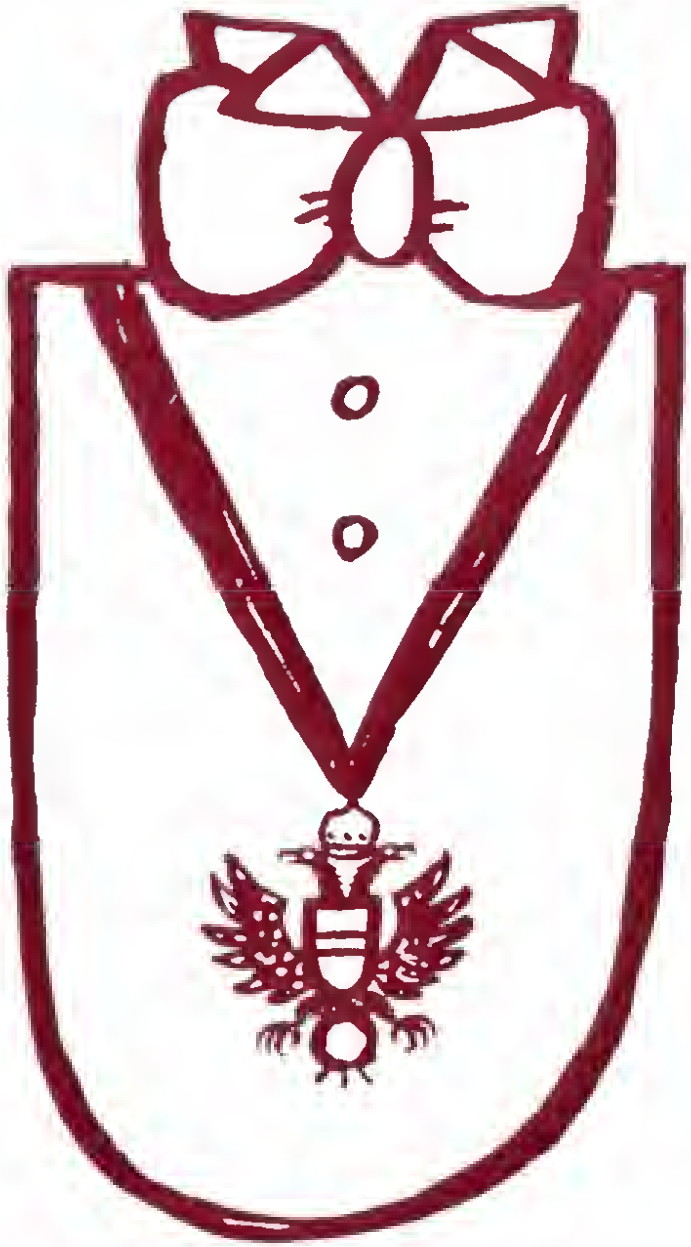
As one VW owner said, "You feel you have something to do with driving again."

Shifting gears may even turn into a new national sport.

Lots of people are paying fancy prices for 4-speed stick shifts, just to get in on the fun.

On the VW, one of the world's smoothest transmissions is standard equipment.

So even if you don't fall in love with the idea at first, at least you're not paying extra for the privilege.



Why the Emperor of Austria sent an ambassador to Milwaukee

Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria (1867-1916), knew a good glass of beer when he tasted it. And when ha tasted a glass of our good Schlitz beer back in 1903, he promptly dispatched a royal envoy to study our methods —"for the betterment of Austrian brewing."

High praise indeed. When it came to making beer, the Austrians were no amateurs. Austria is now under new management. But the Schlitz standards of quality that impressed Franz Josef are still in effect today. Always will be.

To paraphrase the Emperor, Schlitz gives you "real gusto—in a great light beer!"

Schlitz—the beer that made Milwaukee famous . . . simply because it tastes so good.

Schlitz®

©1963 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

Contents

JUNE 3, 1963 *Volume 18, Number 22*

Cover photograph by Mark Kauffman

18 The Spitter Is Back
That controversial and outlawed pitch is back again to raise the heat—and humidity—of the pennant races

22 Getting Fit to Fight Again
Arnold Palmer, resting at home, discusses his recent slump and says he is ready to come back strong

26 A Spirit that Wrecked a Computer
In an age of planned races, New Zealand's magnificent miler, Peter Snell, struck out on his own—and won

30 The Moral Force of Sport
Athletics, under fire at home, is still among our finest exports, writes Sargent Shriver, Peace Corps director

32 Good Looks on the Ladies' Tour
Fresh young faces and vigorous promotion are giving women's professional golf a new image

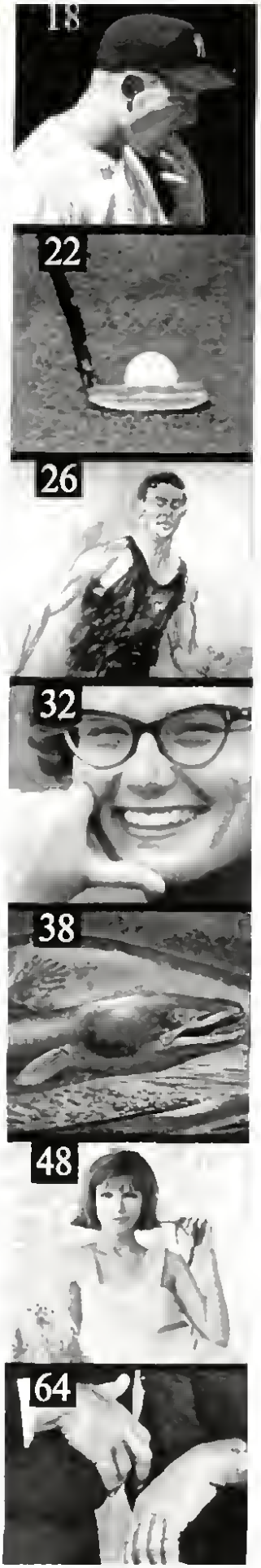
38 Slipperiest Fish in the Sea
Eels are not easy to love But they do provide fun for the fisherman and food for the gourmet

48 Shipshape in the Beach House
New designs and discoveries make the summer cottage a color-filled delight

64 Bob Hope: A Nut about Sports
Behind his gags and clowning on the subject is a deep, lifelong devotion to sports

The departments

10 Scorecard
48 Design for Sport
50 Rowing
54 Golf
56 Baseball
77 Baseball's Week
78 For the Record
79 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, E1–E8; western, W1–W4; special, SP1–SP4.

Acknowledgments on page 78

Next week

THE NEW "500," replete with Grand Prix drivers and rear-engined racers, should be the fastest ever. Kenneth Rudeen reports from Indianapolis on America's premier auto event.

WARREN GILES, the cherubic National League president, is a man of integrity, honesty—and controversy. As spokesman for his 10 bosses, the club owners, he fields his position well.

COLLEGE CREW is brilliantly illuminated in eight pages of paintings by Harvey Schmidt and the first-person story of a race by a Harvard sophomore who can write as well as row.

© 1963 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

WITH THE PURCHASE OF A

Pennsylvania®

GOLF BAG

■ A full set (No's 1 thru 4) of premium quality club head covers made of glove-soft Mello-Vin* just $2.77 with the purchase of any Pennsylvania Golf Bag retailing for $14 or more. Covers are full gusset type. Waterproof. Available in colors complementary to bag. Check *now* for this Special Buy from Pennsylvania wherever better golf equipment is sold.

Championship Quality For Fifty Years

PENNSYLVANIA ATHLETIC PRODUCTS/AKRON, O.

Sports Illustrated

Editor-in-chief: Henry R. Luce

Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Larsen

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell

President: James A. Linen

Editorial Director: Hedley Donovan

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Assistant Managing Editors: Richard W. Johnston, John Tibby

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Ezra Bowen, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Cantwell, Ray Cave, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Roger S. Hewlett, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Hamilton B. Maule, Jack Olsen, Coles Phinizy, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Tax, Roy Terrell, Whitney Tower, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Walter Bingham, Joseph Carroll, Lee Eitingon, Huston Horn, William Leggett, Gilbert Rogin, Kenneth Rudeen, Les Woodcock

Staff Writers: Tom C. Brody, Gwilym S. Brown, Barbara Heilman, Alice Higgins, Mervin Hyman, Dan Jenkins, Virginia Kraft, Rex Lardner, John Lovesey, John Underwood, Jo Ahern Zill

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, John M. Stebbins; DEPUTY, George J. Bloodgood; ASSISTANTS, Betty Dick, Dorothy Merz; CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS, Phil Bath, Jerry Cooke, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Mark Kauffman, Neil Leifer, Richard Meek, Marvin E. Newman, Herb Scharlman, Brian Seed, Art Shay, Tony Triolo

Writer-Reporters: CHIEF, Honor Fitzpatrick; Duncan Barnes, Jule Campbell, Frank Deford, Peggy Downey, Gay Flood, Pamela Knight, Morton Sharnik, Herman Weiskopf, Arthur M. Zich Jr.

Reporters: Mary Snow, Eugenia Frangos, Mary Ann Gould, Mary Jane Hodges, Felicia Lee, Susan McGrath, Rose Mary Mechem, Judy Murphy, Harold Peterson, Nancy Pierce, Patricia Ryan, Paul R. Stewart

Contributing Editors: Charles Goren (*Cards*), Carleton Mitchell (*Yachting*), John O'Reilly (*Nature*), William F. Talbert (*Tennis*)

Production: Gene Ulrich (*Manager*), William Gallagher, Daniel A. Rago; COPY DESK, Beatrice Gottlieb (*Chief*), Betty DeMeester, Geraldine Simmons, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan (*Assistant Directors*), William Bernstein, Brendan F. Mulvey, Catherine Smolich, Thomas Vanderschmidt

Editorial Assistants: Jean Lockhart, Theodore Stephney

Special Correspondents: CHIEF, Earl Burton; ASSISTANT, Eleanore Milosovic; *Atlanta*, Jim Minter; *Austin (Texas)*, Jimmy Banks; *Baltimore*, Walter Ward; *Baton Rouge*, Dan Hardesty; *Bellingham (Wash.)*, Dolly Connelly; *Boston*, Leo Monahan; *Buffalo*, Dick Johnston; *Carson City (Nev.)*, Guy Shipler Jr.; *Charleston (S.C.)*, Warren Koon; *Charlotte (N.C.)*, Ronald Green; *Charlottesville (Va.)*, Chris Cramer; *Chicago*, William Furlong; *Cincinnati*, Jim Schottelkotte; *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton; *Columbus (Ohio)*, Kaye Kessler; *Dallas, Fort Worth*, Wes Wise; *Denver*, Bob Bowie; *Detroit*, Pete Waldmeir; *Greensboro (N.C.)*, Smith Barrier; *Harrisburg (Pa.)*, John P. Cowan; *Houston*, Jack Gallagher; *Jacksonville*, Bill Kastelz; *Kansas City*, Theodore O'Leary; *Key West (Fla.)*, H. E. Day; *Las Vegas (Nev.)*, George King; *Lexington (Ky.)*, Kent Hollingsworth; *Los Angeles*, Jack Tobin; *Louisville*, Larry Boeck; *Miami*, Edwin Pope; *Minneapolis*, C. R. Gordon; *Nashville*, George Barker; *Oklahoma City*, Bob Dellinger; *Omaha*, Robert Phipps; *Philadelphia*, Gene Moore; *Phoenix (Ariz.)*, Frank Gianelli; *Pittsburgh*, Eddie Beachler; *Portland (Ore.)*, John White; *Providence*, John Hanlon; *Salt Lake City*, Hays Gorey; *San Antonio*, John Janes; *San Diego*, Al Couppee; *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum; *Seattle*, Emmett Watson; *South Bend (Ind.)*, Joe Doyle; *St. Louis*, Bob Morrison; *St. Petersburg (Fla.)*, Gordon Marston; *Syracuse (N.Y.)*, William Clark; *Tallahassee (Fla.)*, Bill McGrotha; *Waco (Texas)*, Dave Campbell; *Washington, D.C.*, Martie Zad; *Winston-Salem (N.C.)*, Mal Mallette

Canada: *Calgary*, Bob Shiels; *Montreal*, Arthur Siegel; *Ottawa*, Gordon Dewar; *Toronto*, Rex MacLeod; *Vancouver*, Eric Whitehead

Foreign Bureaus: CHIEF, Richard M. Clurman; DEPUTY, John Boyle

Publisher: Sidney L. James
Associate Publisher: Garry Valk

Advertising Sales Director: Stephen E. Kelly
General Manager: Raymond R. Ammarell Jr.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York.
Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM, HOUSE & HOME and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell, Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen, Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman, President, James A. Linen, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes, Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, Jerome S. Hardy, C. D. Jackson, Arthur R. Murphy Jr., Ralph D. Paine Jr., P. I. Prentice, Weston C. Pullen Jr.; Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Charles L. Gleason Jr.; Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis; Assistant Treasurer, Evan S. Ingels; Assistant Treasurer, Richard B. McKeough.

Sports Illustrated SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label to insure prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr.

TO SUBSCRIBE mail this form with your payment, check one: ☐ new subscription, ☐ renew my present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. $6.75. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. $8.00.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city zone state

There's more to it than that, Charlie Brown. You also get those service-saving features with any new car or wagon you purchase from Ford.*

They go 36,000 miles or two years between major chassis lubrications ... 6,000 miles between oil changes and minor lubes. Even the brakes adjust themselves! But back to those fun-loving, nickel-nursing Falcon wagons. And how's this for great news: V-8 power is now available in Falcon sedans, hardtops, convertibles and wagons—the same V-8 power that did so well in the Monte Carlo Rallye! And with this new V-8 power you get America's *only* fully synchronized 3-speed manual transmission as standard equipment. Visit your Ford Dealer's soon for a Falcon test-drive. Tell him Charlie Brown sent you.

America's longest, liveliest line of wagons

FORD

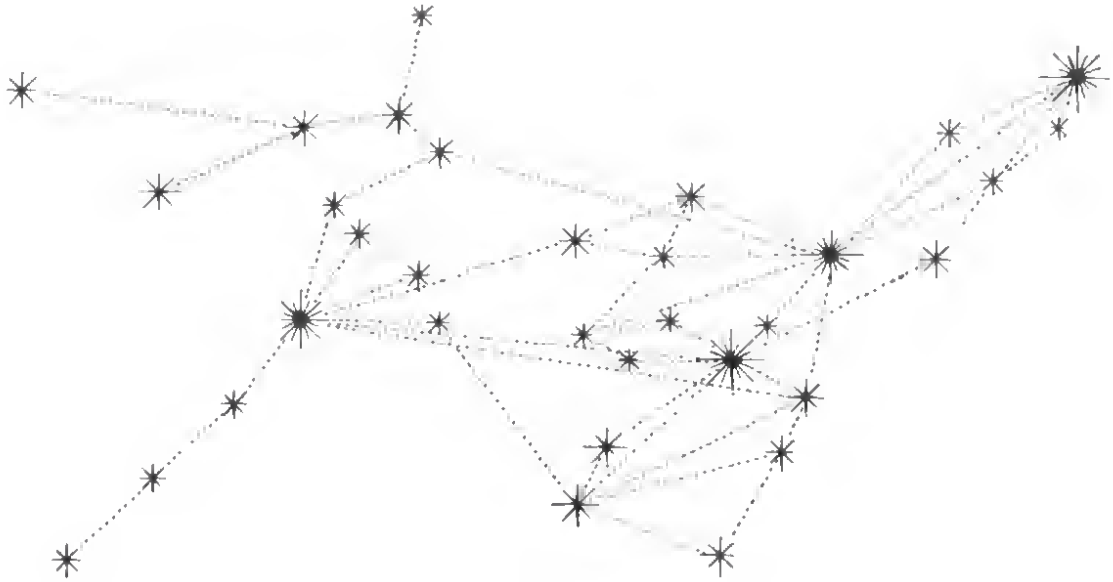
FALCON • FAIRLANE • FORD

*Except Station Bus and Club Wagons

FOR 60 YEARS THE SYMBOL OF DEPENDABLE PRODUCTS Ford MOTOR COMPANY

ride the big waves with Jantzen These are new Hawaiian Surfriders developed and tested by the big surf members of the Jantzen International Sports Club Rick Grigg, Pat Curren, and John Severson. The fabric is tough twill like the kind used in longshoremen's overalls. The waist is snug, and there is plenty of room in the seat for straddling the board while you're waiting for the big set. Six styles, all with button-down wax pockets on the back hip. One has football pants lacing front, two (of supertough twill that's almost canvas) have a button fly, three have rust proof zippers. Many colors, all sizes, priced from $5.95 to $7.95. Look for the Jantzen Surfriders developed in Hawaii. And be sure to see the Jantzen movie "Surf," filmed at Sunset beach, Rincon, and Makaha.

Jantzen INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CLUB sportswear for sportsmen



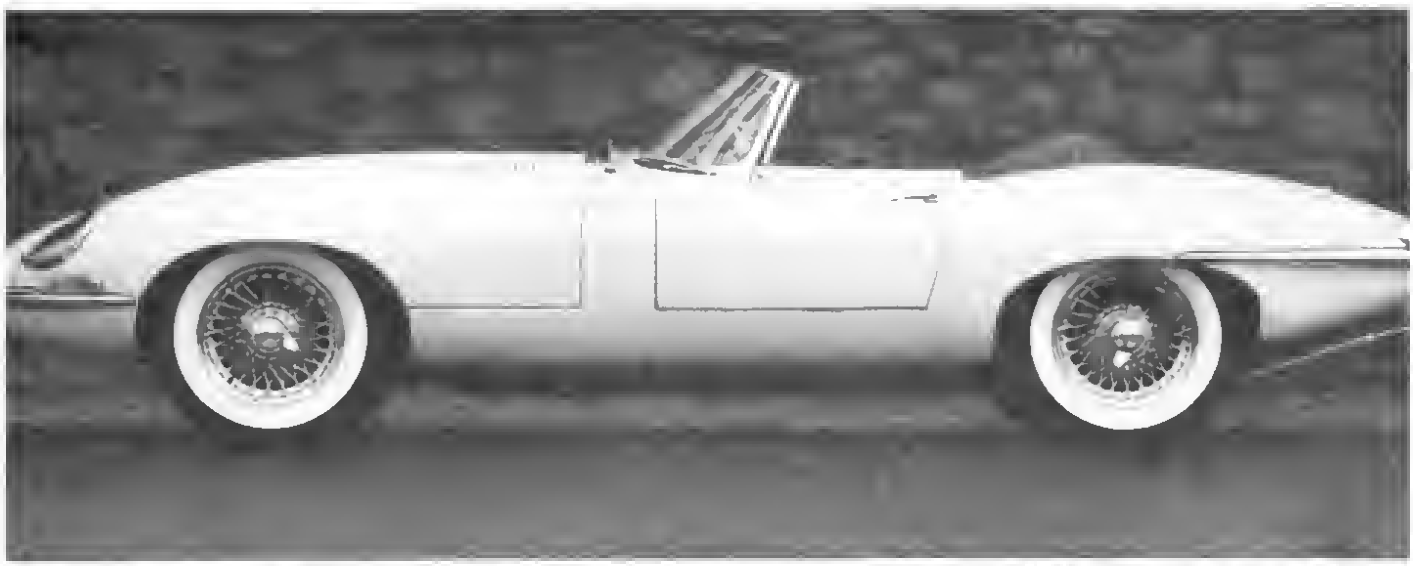
Sky map of Megalopolis Plus

Megalopolis, of course, is the 400-mile-long supercity between Boston and Washington. Allegheny is its rapid transit line. We serve West Megalopolis, too . . . all of Pennsylvania, much of West Virginia, plus Cleveland, Detroit, Buffalo. We serve cities large, medium and small. Above all, we serve people (a million in '62) by getting them there and back in a convenient, comfortable hurry. Allegheny's system map covers the busiest, most populous part of the U.S.A. It may look like a constellation . . . but we really fly Convairs and Martins.

ALLEGHENY AIRLINES

YOUR AIR COMMUTER SERVICE IN 12 BUSY STATES

Every Jaguar XK-E comes only one way—fully equipped*
(and ready to go!)



The unique features of the Jaguar XK-E are on each car—at a realistic price.

You don't have to "build-it-yourself" from a costly list of optional extras, modifications and frills.

Much of what you get in an XK-E is immediately apparent. The long, sleek, aerodynamic look of the car tells at a glance of its phenomenal speed (150 m.p.h.) and roadability.

You always feel completely in command of an XK-E, no matter what the speed, road or driving conditions. It's a thoroughly enjoyable confidence that no lesser car can give you.

A few of the reasons for this are: twin overhead-cam, race-proven engine; "Monocoque" body (more strength with less weight); independent suspension all around; four-wheel disc brakes.

The interior is functional luxury. Genuine leather covers the bucket seats. The dash panel is completely instrumented. A rear door on the Coupe opens wide for access to the large luggage area.

Roadster price: $5,325 P.O.E. (Coupe $200 more). Competitive domestic cars start a little lower in price, but catch up when comparably equipped. Also, inquire about Jaguar's money-saving Overseas Delivery Plan if you're going to Europe. Inspect and drive the XK-E at your Jaguar dealer's...or write JAGUAR CARS INC., 32 East 57th St., N. Y. 22.

*All this at one price—265 HP, twin overhead cam engine (finished in highly polished alloy)—full-flow engine oil filter—*three* S. U. carburetors—dual exhausts, chrome plated pipes—top speed 150 m.p.h. plus—0 to 100 in 15.8 secs.—Monocoque construction—knock-off wire wheels—torsion bar front suspension—anti-sway bar—independent suspension all around—2 shocks front, 4 shocks rear—limited-slip differential—4-wheel disc brakes (power-assisted, quick-change pads, dual systems, foot and hand-brake self-adjusting, fluid level and handbrake warning light)—hydraulically operated clutch—special high speed RS-5 tires—genuine leather upholstery—heater and defroster—roll-up windows—racing type steering wheel, adjustable for height and reach—rack and pinion steering, $2\frac{1}{2}$ turns from lock to lock—submerged fuel pump, fuel filter—windshield washers—three 2-speed windshield wipers—complete instrumentation—electric clock—back-up light—mohair top, with boot on Roadster—rear-deck trunk opening on Roadster—rear door to luggage area on Coupe.

MARKETING MEETING

MARKETING DIRECTOR: "*How can we be sure?*"

PRESIDENT. "*We can't. But we owe it to ourselves to investigate every approach.*"

No company today can ignore the exciting changes taking place in the American marketplace.

Witness the phenomenal rise in high school and college attendance. Consider its effect on occupation . . . on income . . . on buying habits.

Education changes people's tastes. They become more curious . . . more critical . . . more discerning.

They *read* more.

They are reading *magazines* more. (Circulations are at an all-time high.)

This spiraling reader interest—combined with the unique magazine advantages of flexibility, selectivity, believability—has brought new efficiency to an already dynamic medium.

Have *you* examined magazines, recently?

You won't be first to discover that they are the growth advertising medium of the 60's.

Can you afford to be last?

MAGAZINES MAKE THINGS HAPPEN!

Chevron Dealers installed more than 250,000 auto seat belts for smart drivers in the past year.

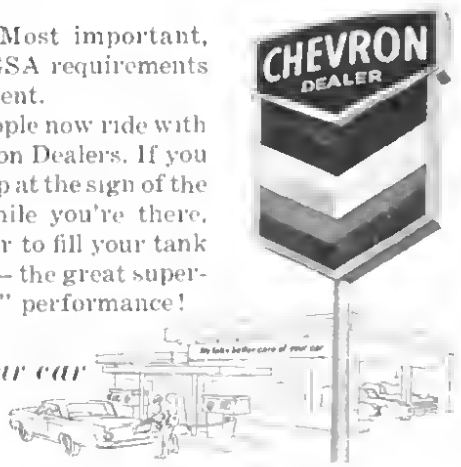
Were you one of them? They paid only $5.95 per belt, including installation, for this lifesaving security.

You can still be one of the smart ones. Same price. Same protection.

Do seat belts belong in your car? The National Safety Council and your Chevron Dealer believe that they belong in *every* car. In fact, by 1961, seat belts for new cars will be *mandatory* in several states.

The belts your Chevron Dealer is offering are made by Davis Aircraft of rugged, 100% nylon. They have strong, two-piece metal buckles that can be opened instantly. The belts are lightweight, comfortable and fully adjustable. Most important, they exceed the tough GSA requirements set by the U. S. government.

More than 250,000 people now ride with belts installed by Chevron Dealers. If you don't have yours yet, stop at the sign of the Chevron this week. While you're there, ask your Chevron Dealer to fill your tank with Chevron Supreme — the great super-premium for "top-form" performance!



At the sign of the CHEVRON we take better care of your car

CALIFORNIA OIL COMPANY, EASTERN DIVISION, FROM MAINE TO VIRGINIA

Crow about your rooster tail

You can when that rooster tail of spray comes from the new Voit slalom ski. You can even cackle a bit at other people's expense. Voit skis give you a ride that's more daring, more responsive. That's because Voit's Wishbone Super Skeg* gives a controlled response for sharper, surer turns.

Speed won't throw you either. Voit's Cushion-Ride* heel adds to your comfort by taking the slam and the pounding out of high-speed rides.

And, you're always comfortable in Voit ColorGuard* ski jackets and shorts. They keep you warm in and out of the water. If you flop, they'll buoy you up. They're easy to see, something to be seen in.

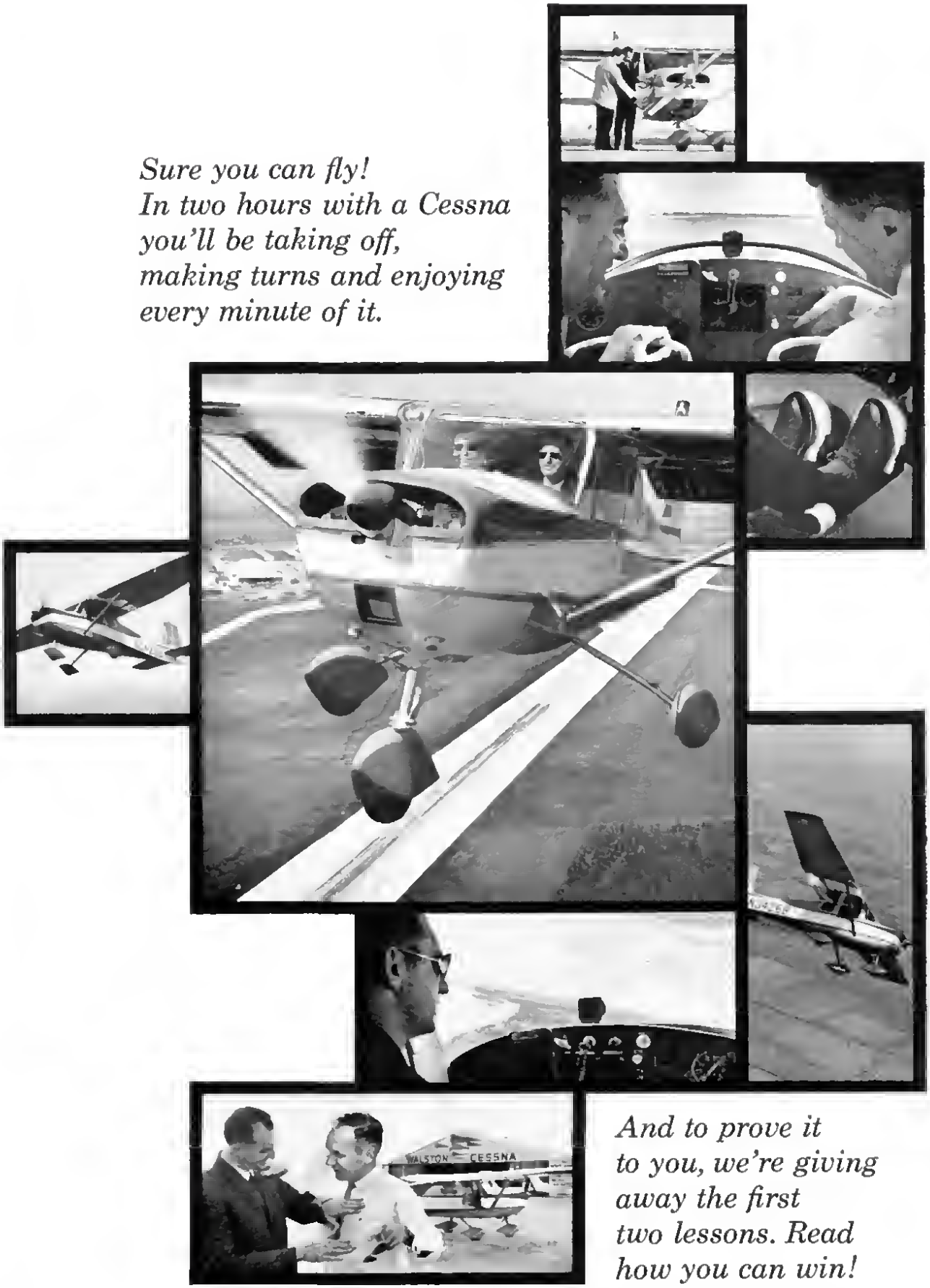
So take a Voit ride, soon. Your skiing will look better and so will you. In fact, you'll be proud as a peacock, rooster-tailing on Voit skis.

*REGISTERED TRADEMARKS

AMF VOIT®

W. J. VOIT RUBBER CORP. SANTA ANA / MAY [illegible] / [illegible] / A [illegible] SUBSIDIARY OF AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

Sure you can fly!
In two hours with a Cessna
you'll be taking off,
making turns and enjoying
every minute of it.



And to prove it
to you, we're giving
away the first
two lessons. Read
how you can win!

Here's what two hours of flight instruction in a new Cessna 150 are like:

Recently a St. Louis businessman took flying lessons in a new Cessna 150 at a Cessna dealer's. This was his experience:

ON THE WAY TO THE AIRPORT, I'll confess, I had a few misgivings about my ability to learn to fly. Then I remembered how *it* was when my dad *took* driving lessons from the first automobile dealer in my home town. He was concerned, as I recall, about being too old to learn. But he did it because he knew he had to keep up with change. And learning to fly is *my* way of keeping up.

MY INSTRUCTOR was more like the golf pro at the club than a teacher. "Relax," he told me. "You won't be perfect—but you will be surprised at how good you really are!" Just listening to him perked up my confidence and made the whole business sound like fun!

MY TRAINING PLANE at the Cessna dealer's was a new 150. It's a favorite for training because its high wing gives it more stability and ideal visibility for ground reference. And the side-by-side seating makes it easy for the student to understand the instructor, which gives him more confidence.

MY FIRST HOUR OF INSTRUCTION started with a pre-flight inspection of the plane. All pilots make this check, and it usually takes only a few minutes. It took us about twenty-five because he also explained exactly why the plane flies and how it is controlled.

I TOOK THE PILOT'S SEAT and adjusted it to a comfortable position. The cabin of a Cessna 150 is comfortable, with attractive appointments similar to my car. My instructor sat on my right and explained the instruments. Then I started the engine, checked the instruments for proper working order, and we were ready to taxi.

TAXIING THE PLANE is easy. You steer with your feet on the rudder pedals which are connected to the nose wheel. At the top of the pedals are toe brakes. At first I overcontrolled the plane, but he showed me the proper way. "Always be gentle with the controls," he said. "Treat the plane like a lady and she'll be good to you." Just before we reached the runway I stopped short of the run-up line. Then we ran through our take-off check list.

DO YOU KNOW WHY THE ENGINE IS RUN UP JUST BEFORE TAKING OFF? It's not just to warm it up, as I used to think. The pilot is checking the magnetos which furnish electricity for the ignition system. Airplanes have a dual ignition system; that is, two magnetos, two spark plugs for each cylinder, etc. It is designed so that the engine will run on either one or both.

WE WERE READY FOR TAKE-OFF as soon as we finished our check list and made a full turn on the ground to check the sky for aircraft. (We weren't using radio.) I taxied onto the runway, pushed in the throttle for full power, and held the controls while my instructor took off so I could feel what he did. He left the flight pattern, climbed to 2,000 feet, and then turned the controls over to me.

I FLEW STRAIGHT AHEAD for a while, and he showed me how to trim the plane so it would fly itself. On the elevator, there is a movable surface called the trim tab. You control it with a little wheel in the cabin. When you change the speed of an airplane, pressures on the control wheel change and you can adjust for it with the trim tab. You can even pull or push the control wheel, then turn it loose, and the plane will automatically straighten itself out! This is why it's easier to steer a plane than a car.

NEXT I MADE SOME TURNS. It's easy to turn a plane. You can do it simply by turning the control wheel. But you can make a neater turn by coordinating the rudder pedals with the control wheel. For example, to make a 90° left turn I turned the control wheel to the left and simultaneously pressed on the left rudder pedal until I was in a normal bank. Then I neutralized the controls except for holding a little back pressure on the control wheel to keep the nose from dipping, and the plane remained in the turn. When I wanted to straighten out, I "rolled out" simply by turning the control wheel to the right and pressing the right rudder pedal. It's easy; it's fun, too.

THE FIRST HOUR WAS OVER before I knew it. We flew back to the airfield, descended to 800 feet, and entered the flight pattern. My instructor landed the plane, explaining each step as he did it. Then we went to lunch and discussed what we had done.

THE SECOND HOUR I TOOK OFF! And it was easy. I pushed in the throttle to full power, guided the plane down the runway with the rudder pedals, eased back on the control wheel, and when sufficient speed was reached the airplane actually flew itself off the runway. Just like that, we were off and flying.

I CLIMBED TO 2,000 FEET after leaving the flight pattern and leveled off. Then I made some right and left 90° turns, 360° turns, and 720° turns. I was surprised at how little prompting my instructor had to give me. Next he taught me how to make climbing turns (in which you use more power) and descending turns (in which you use less). Before I knew it, the hour was over.

I FLEW BACK TO THE AIRFIELD TO LAND. This time I did everything but the actual landing itself. As he directed, I descended to 800 feet and entered the flight pattern. About two-thirds down the "downwind leg" (flying with the wind, parallel to the runway), I ran through the brief landing check list and eased back on the power. From then on we were in a glide, maintaining 80 m.p.h. Just past the end of the runway we made a 90° left turn into our "base leg" and then turned left again to line up with the runway for our "final approach." I held the controls as he landed, and he explained each step. One thing to remember as you approach is to keep your eyes ahead of you down the runway (about the same distance ahead as you would look if you were driving your car at a comparable speed). When the time comes to level off, you *feel* it. There are three basic steps to landing, but they blend into one smooth movement of the control wheel. The first is the normal glide; then at a proper distance from the ground you ease back on the control wheel to flatten the glide and then continue to ease back more to lift the nose of the plane. The knack is to hold the plane just off the ground as long as you can. It will settle to the ground and all you have to do is steer with the pedals and apply the brakes if necessary. I had no idea it was so easy!

AS I WALKED TO THE HANGAR, I felt like a new man . . . and I was! Like anyone who has learned something new, I felt bigger for the experience. In only two hours I actually learned why an airplane flies, how it flies—and I had even handled one myself. I couldn't help thinking about how easy it had been to make this change in my life, once I had made up my mind to do it. As I looked ahead a *little* to the ways this *flying* business would change things for me, I was glad I had made the decision.

WIN! . . . TWO FREE HOURS OF FLIGHT INSTRUCTION in a Cessna Model 150 or 172 at your nearest Cessna dealer. You've just read how a St. Louis businessman reacted to his first two hours of flying. He, like thousands of others, found that learning to fly was easy—and enjoyable. Now it's your turn. We'd like for you to try it yourself. For 250 winners, the first two hours are on us!

TO ENTER THE CONTEST simply print your name and address on a postcard and send it to Cessna "Learn to Fly" Contest, Box 896, Hinsdale, Ill. All entries must be postmarked by July 15, 1963. Winners will be chosen by a drawing administered by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corp. and notified by mail. Contestants must be 21 years of age or over. Cessna employees and families, Cessna dealers and advertising agency personnel are not eligible. Offer is void where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted. Every entry will receive a complimentary booklet, "Pre-Flight Facts."

NOW IT'S YOUR MOVE. Prove to yourself that flying is easy—and fun. Enter today. It may be your first step toward a lifetime of flying.

CESSNA

SCORECARD

CLEANUP MAN

The man chosen by Pete Rozelle, National Football League commissioner, to guard the league against recurrence of the recent betting scandals is considered by many law-enforcement officials to be the most informed cop on underworld operations in the nation. Captain Jim Hamilton of the Los Angeles Intelligence Division has won the commendations of the McClellan committee, the Kefauver committee, the U.S. Treasury Department, the U.S. Attorney General and scores of others. The Intelligence Division he created in Los Angeles became the model for similar units in police departments throughout the country, units that now cooperate with each other in the exchange of information about hoodlum activities.

In addition to his qualifications as a policeman, Hamilton has an avid interest in sport and a hatred for those who would corrupt it. He is, in fact, largely responsible for the federal convictions of Frankie Carbo and Blinky Palermo, mobsters who ruled boxing with impunity for more than a score of years. When Hamilton's men had gathered enough evidence on the pair they quietly turned it over to federal authorities.

Hamilton's mere presence in the league lineup is certain to give pause to fixers who might contemplate approaching football players. As Hamilton's boss, Police Chief William H. Parker, puts it, "If the NFL is interested in its public image, and I assume it is, how can you do any better?"

FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

A tall, bespectacled and gray-haired retired farmer is Norman Blake of Yarcombe, Devon, England, who carries cards that introduce him as an "equine educationist." He also, for a bit of fun, likes to refer to himself as a "horse psychiatrist." Blake treats about six chronic patients a year—restoring biters, kickers and throwers to gentle usefulness. One of his techniques, which never include the infliction of physical pain, is to embarrass a difficult horse by turning him loose with some children's ponies. The horse soon comes around.

In the course of a long intimacy with horses and some considerable observation of women, Blake has acquired firm hypotheses about both breeds. He is convinced, for instance, that horses, like women, "talk a lot among themselves." The horses also, he says, understand what humans say and that is one reason women trainers do so poorly.

"A woman always makes the mistake, when she has a troublesome horse," he explained recently, "of chatting about his bad habits in front of him. He knows what she's talking about and that she's afraid of him."

What do the horses say among themselves about Blake?

"They say, 'The old man is a bit tough, but he never hurts his horses,' " according to Blake, who seems to have been eavesdropping.

HOMAGE TO MANTLE

The medical history of Mickey Mantle would provide a year of scripts for Ben Casey—if Mantle would only talk. Instead, with a stoic acceptance of pain that would make a Comanche blush, he goes about his business of playing baseball, day after day, often playing not so much with muscles as with spirit and pride. He has been doing this for years and it will embarrass him to read this now, for he does not consider what he does as unusual.

Whether a completely sound Mantle might have been the greatest baseball player who ever lived is academic. He has never been a healthy ballplayer and he never *will* be; at 31, with 12 seasons behind him, he probably is well ahead of the game. There are days, however, when Mantle plays as only Mantle can, and then he becomes the most exciting, explosive figure in the sport. When this happens, even Yankee-haters have to applaud. They had to applaud twice last week.

On Tuesday night against the Athletics, Mantle hit two home runs and drove in five runs as the Yankees won 7–4. The next night he hit another home run. It struck the facade up near the roof of the stands in right field, only a few feet too low to become the first fair ball ever hit out of Yankee Stadium. A scientist estimated that it would have traveled some 620 feet if Yankee Stadium had not gotten in the way and Mantle himself said that it was the hardest ball he ever hit. There was a lot of noise about the big home run, so much that almost forgotten was the fact that it came in the 11th inning and that it won the ball game. And this, after all, is what Mickey Mantle does best for the Yankees.

COMMANO PERFORMANCE

Amid soaring mountains of red plush and 5,000 professional wrestling fans, some of whom had paid as much as 10 nicker (pounds, that is, or $28) for the privilege of being in Royal Albert Hall that night, there was The Dook himself, Prince Philip, the royal consort. To know why he was there you have to realize that professional wrestling in Britain is the biggest thing since the black bottom. Only in Japan is it a larger business. None of the top-liners earn less than £3,000 (3,000 nicker, that is) a year. Up and down the sceptered isle, grunting and groaning, they pack the people in, and television shows attract insatiable millions. At the ringside of top tournaments lovely ladies blow diamond-studded kisses to their favorites, while their escorts make believe they are Beau Brummells. Last week's royal accolade was the summit of a postwar boom, the first time a member of the royal family had shown an interest in wrestling since Henry VIII tried a headlock or two on some of his more athletic, and submissive, subjects.

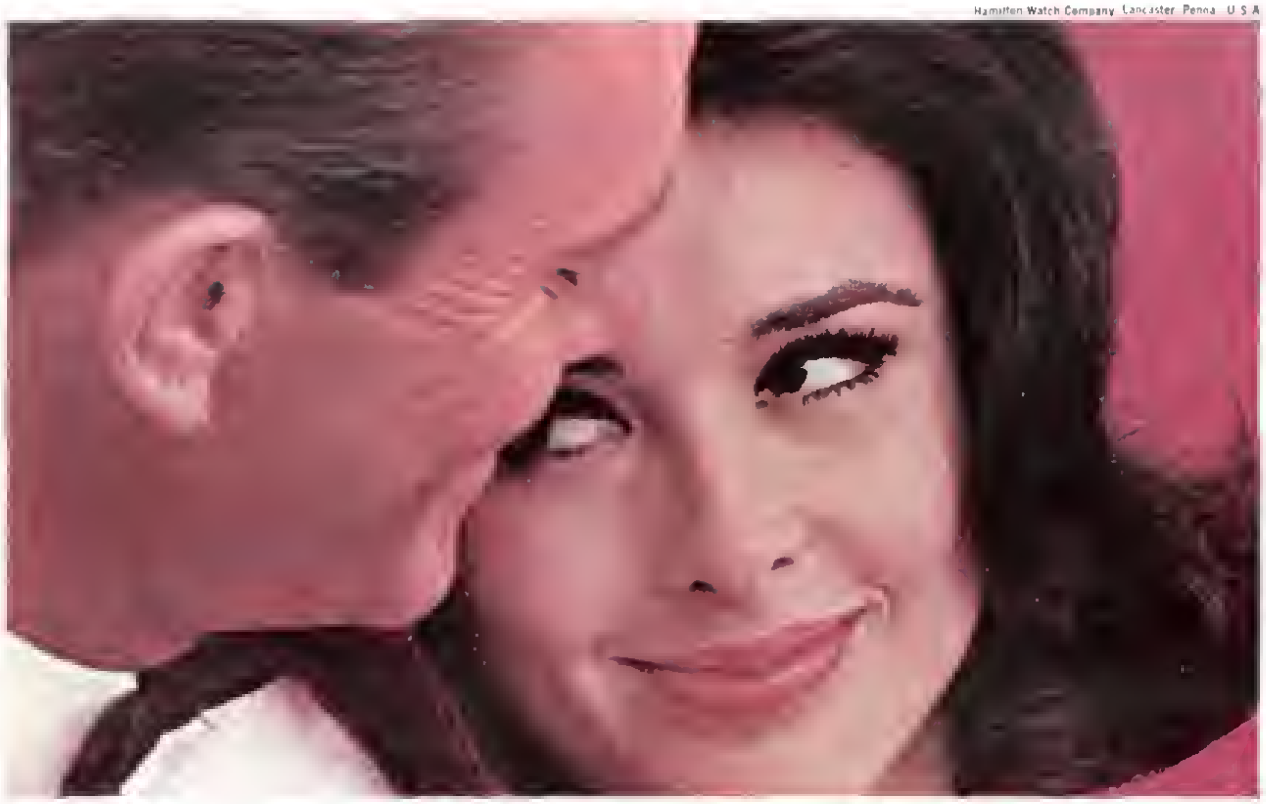
continued

Will this be just another summer of Pontiac-watching?

(or are you set to get a Catalina of your own?)

While we're out here building Pontiacs, we know what you'll be doing with yours: Having a wonderful time. Wish we were there. Ah, well, even all alone you can enjoy Pontiac's satiny sort of ride. And you can get your kicks from the Trophy V-8—it's about as eager as a small boy on opening day of baseball season. And who could ignore that Wide-Track roadworthiness? Nobody who's ever tried it, that's for sure. The place to start this sweet summer is your Pontiac dealer's. You might be surprised at the price he'll let you in on. **WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC**

Hamilton Watch Company Lancaster Penna U S A



Romantic wives are invited to look at this picture...

while their affectionate husbands study <u>this</u> one.

HAMILTON

Watches shown (from left): Kimberly 85-6, $85, Glamour BB $100, Kimberly 115-4, $115, Vogue FF, $175, Aurora BB, $225 All prices plus tax At Hamilton Jewelers in the U. S. and Canada

Elegantly gowned girls sold programs. Mrs. Bessie Braddock, M.P., attended, and so did Sir Learie Constantine, former West Indies cricketer, now high commissioner for Trinidad and Tobago. Prince Philip turned up five minutes late and somebody yelled, "Where've yer been?" He was there, actually, because the profits were promised for the Duke's Award Scheme for Youth, and he would attend an aspidistra-growing competition in Rochdale, Lancashire, if the price was right for one of his pet projects.

So wrestling earned its elevation to the English Establishment, if only for a night. The Duke shook hands with each of the hairy-chested behemoths, among them villain Mick McManus ("The Man They Love to Hate"). When the Duke moved to McManus a voice from near the auditorium dome, obviously long familiar with Mick's dubious tactics, warned: "Don't shake hands with *him*, Dook!" In the night's last bout Johnny Kwango and Jackie Pallo expended themselves trying to throw each other into the Duke's lap but did not succeed.

It was a jolly evening, and the Duke's Award Scheme wound up some 10,000 nicker ahead.

PREDICAMENT PREVIEW

College football's new substitution rule (SI, March 11) has been a puzzle to coaches since it was proclaimed, and still is. Frank Broyles, Arkansas coach, now has come up with a nightmare situation that, he feels, may well confront him.

"Suppose," he says, "your team is on the 18-yard line, fourth down, with five yards and six inches to go for a first down. You send in your field-goal kicker and a man to hold the ball, replacing your fullback and your quarterback and using up the two substitutions you are allowed on fourth down. On the try the defensive team jumps offside and gets a five-yard penalty.

"Now it's fourth down on the 13-yard line, six inches to go for a first down. But you have your field-goal man and a ball holder in the lineup and your fullback and quarterback are on the bench. The rules say you can change only two men on fourth down and you already have sent in your two. What do you do and how do you explain it to the alumni if it doesn't work?"

Put to Abb Curtis, supervisor of officials for the Southwest Conference, the puzzle drew this answer:

continued

Are alcohol and a nice fragrance all you can expect in an after-shave?

Not in Yardley's. Besides its famous fragrance and a measure of refreshing alcohol, you get a moisture ingredient designed to keep your face from feeling taut or chapped. A high-powered bacteria check that helps prevent infections and irritations from shaving. A healing agent that actually helps heal shaving nicks and scrapes. And a lubricant that replaces some of the natural oils you shave away every day. What's surprising is that Yardley can add so many beneficial qualities to their After Shaving Lotion . . . and still come up smelling like YARDLEY.

The Schilling is local currency in Austria.

So is this.

Austria, Australia, or Afghanistan: whether you're on —or off—the beaten track, **BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES** are as good as cash. Better, in fact. Loss-proof and theft-proof, they're money only you can spend. Only your signature makes them valid. Buy them before you go—spend them as you go—anywhere around the world.

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

"Enforcement depends on whether the ball was snapped. If it was, it counts as a down and two more men can be sent in. If the ball had not been snapped before the infraction, it is still the same down and if his field-goal man and ball holder aren't able to do anything else, the coach is in trouble."

Cold comfort, Broyles

HELLO, MARV, BYE-BYE, BO

Ever since Marvelous Marv Throneberry, hero of the New York Mets, was exiled to Buffalo, there have been those who have held that, like General Douglas MacArthur, he would return. It has been a simple faith and, it seems, is deathless. To wit: when a Met fan, who also had been away, came back to town on the occasion of New York's ticker-tape parade welcome to Astronaut Gordon Cooper, he felt sure he knew what had happened. Breathless, the fan patched together a sign to hang from his Fifth Avenue office window. It read:

WELCOME HOME, MARV

While on the subject of departed baseball heroes, we note that Bo Belinsky, that bon vivant, has also been shipped to the minors. But Bo will not be lacking for bright lights and good times. His destination: Hawaii.

SHIP A-FREUD

More than 12% of the people in the country who own boats never use them, for one reason or another. Of those who do, an impressive number feel guilty about it. These are some of the facts, or fictions, put forward by the Outboard Industry Associations in a surprisingly frank 47-page effort to tell its member organizations why people buy boats.

Women, according to an OIA survey, present the greatest threat to boat sales. Their proper habitat is the kitchen, the OIA seems to think, and their sense of adventure is less likely to concern itself with the sea than with a new seasoning. For this reason, OIA deplores boating ads that picture an American male surrounded by bevies of bikinied beauties.

At the same time, warns the OIA, the notion of "family boating" should be discouraged, in print anyway. Why? Because the word "family" connotes responsibility, while the word "boating" should conjure up visions of "pleasure and relaxation, and the two concepts are incompatible." The pleasure boat is always an indulgence. Hence, it

continued

LUTE ELDRIDGE, LOCKHEED F-104 TEST PILOT

A SPECIAL BREED OF MAN

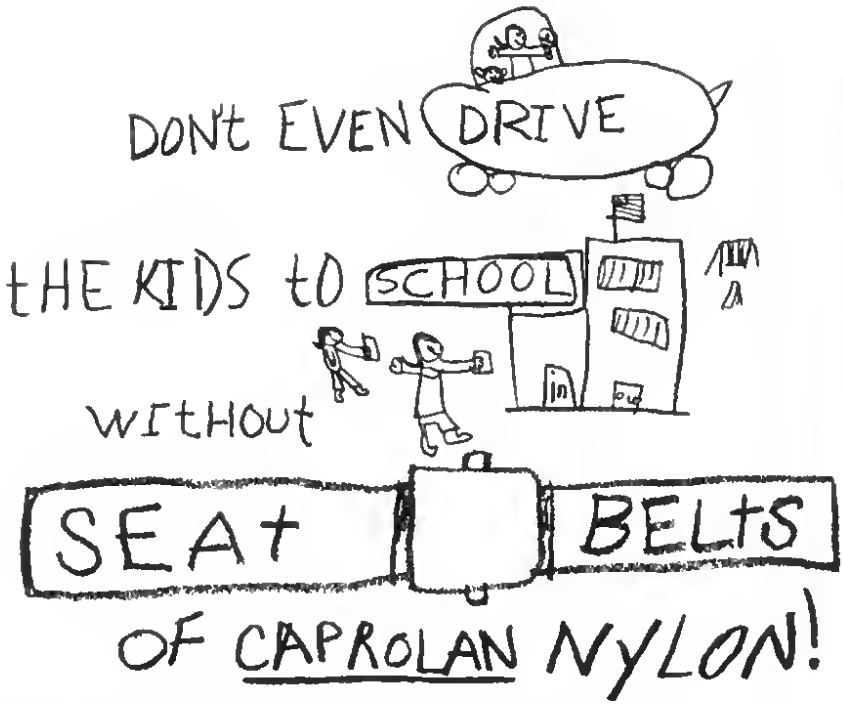
● MG drivers are a special breed among sports car enthusiasts. Their tradition of loyalty goes back to 1925, when the earliest models of these pace-setting little 4-bangers first rolled off a production line—all seven of them! ● In 1955, they watched the TF turn into the streamlined MGA and zoom ahead in both popularity and competitions. It became the first sports car to hit a production figure of more than 100,000, and it accumulated enough awards to crowd a badge bar ● Today the style and engineering lessons of almost a decade have joined to create a spectacular new car—the MGB. New styling—based on an all-steel, unit-construction body. New power—from a larger engine. New safety—from bigger brakes. New feel to the wheel—because turns-to-lock have been raised from 2.6 to 2.9. And new comfort—wind-up windows, quick-stowing top, a smartly redesigned cockpit. With all these, the MGB retains all the basic good manners of its predecessors—exceptional cornering, no lurch or fade when braked, and a top speed of 100-plus without laboring ● You can see why this distinctive breed of car appeals particularly to a special breed of man. Perhaps you're already a member of the MGB owners club. If you aren't, give yourself the thrill of driving one of these powerful, responsive new cars. You might just as well begin with the best.

FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY INFORMATION WRITE BMC DEPT. 115-734 GRAND AVE., RIDGEFIELD, N.J.

MG

Safety Fast!

PRODUCT OF THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION, LTD., MAKERS OF MG, AUSTIN HEALEY, SPRITE, MORRIS AND AUSTIN CARS



Sure you go slow with your precious cargo, but listen—84% of all auto accidents occur at speeds under 40 m.p.h. The Rx? Seat belts of Caprolan® nylon. Made to meet or exceed all S.A.E. requirements, they're the lowest-cost safety insurance going. Attractive, too: color-coordinated to auto upholstery. Available at **Mobil Dealers**, and most automotive outlets.

Allied Chemical

FIBER MARKETING DEPT., 261 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 16

The only thing ordinary about a Carter's T-shirt is the number of sleeves.

Everything else is remarkable. For example, a Carter's T-shirt won't shrink 1% in length—as shown by Government Standard Test 7550 (CCC-T-191b). All because of Carter's Pak-nit® fabric which makes every other kind of cotton-knit underwear obsolete. What's more, this T-shirt refuses to bind at the arms or sag at the neck. It stays soft. It stays looking like new. So why settle for obsolescence? There's a T-shirt your size with a label that says "Carter's".

® TRADEMARK OF COMPAN CORP

CARTER'S T-SHIRTS $1.50, $2.00, 3 FOR $3.95 AT MILWAUKEE

may become a serious problem when "for example, a man buys a boat despite the opposition of his wife. He feels guilty because he bought the boat, she feels guilty because she objected," and the boat itself becomes "an instrument of complexes fraught with subtle undertones."

On the other hand, provided he can square it with the missus, the boatowner finds his possession a boon to his ego, "closely affiliated to prestige and status." Advertisers, however, should take care to suggest this only offhandedly, for the sea-going suburbanite wouldn't want his pals to think he's stuck-up.

END OF AN AFFAIR

The much-mooted Ford-Ferrari alliance is off. For a time a deal was "quite warm," according to one insider, but talks between the powerful American automaker and the Italian builder of racing and Grand Touring cars have ended. Said Henry Ford II: "We just couldn't get along."

That is fine and dandy, to our way of thinking. The Ferrari model with which Americans are most familiar—the all-conquering red sports racing car—already has a Ford in its future. It will be competing against the Ford-engined Shelby A.C. Cobra. Given a year's development, the Cobra might crack what has become a rather tiresome Ferrari monopoly of the major prizes at Sebring and Le Mans.

Cobra-Ford battles with a captive Ferrari would lack bite. Ford's loss of the Italian works is the racing fan's gain.

THEY SAID IT

- Joey Jay, Cincinnati pitcher, after winning his first game of the season and after nine straight losses over two seasons: "My wife says it was like waiting for a baby."
- George Sauer, director of player personnel of the New York Jets, on working with the new management: "Every time I call Weeb Ewbank, he asks me if I need some more money. That's one thing I never heard from Harry Wismer."
- A Seattle high school baseball coach, Tony Dickinson, bemoaning a losing streak: "Things are terrible. The washer broke down, the television won't work, my wife and kids are sick, and my team can't win ball games. If I became a pumpkin farmer, they'd discontinue Halloween."

END

LEVI'S®
Sportswear
COTRIL with
AVRIL® RAYON
looks great and does
most everything, too.
Here's fabulous "COTRIL" — a rugged weave of 50% Avril rayon/50% cotton. Slacks with Avril are soft to touch, lustrous, luxurious—yet can take most anything you give them. Just wash and wear, too. Shown here, Levi's Trimcuts —the classic campus favorite with plain front and tailored cuffs. In sizes 26 to 42 $4.98 Also available, Levi's Mark I Continental—same sizes and price. At your favorite store or write direct to Levi Strauss & Co., 98 Battery Street, San Francisco 6, California.
AVRIL
"New Generation Rayon"
American Viscose Corporation
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Sports Illustrated
JUNE 3, 1963

THE SPITTER IS BACK

Not since 1920, when it wss outlawed, has the notorious spitbail been thrown so often. Its increased use has brought added heat—and humidity—to an already controversisi season

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

Accused by both Beltimore end Detroit of loading up his pitches, Whitey Ford of the Yankees thoughtfully considers his next delivery.

On your way to the refrigerator between innings, baseball fans, stop for a moment and consider the plight of your favorite hitter. First they make him a bigger target by increasing the size of the strike zone. Then, just when it seems that he has something good going for him in a new, rigid enforcement of an old balk rule, what do they do but reword the balk rule? And now, in the midst of the driest major league spring in years, the chances are that he is going to drown. That damp and horrid thing, the spitball, is flying again.

From Los Angeles to New York, from Minneapolis to Houston, everywhere the poor batter looks, there are spitballs. Lift your umbrella for a moment and study the pitchers shown here. Do they or don't they? If they do—and the unsanitary evidence is accumulating fast—then this may well account for the extraordinary pitching that has dominated the 1963 season. In less than seven weeks of play there have been two no-hitters, four near no-hitters lost in the eighth or ninth inning, 77 shutouts and no less than 68 ball games in which one team got three hits or less. If these pitchers do not throw the spitter then they seem to be missing a good bet, first because they are being accused of it anyway, second because everyone else seems to be throwing it and, finally, because both Ford Frick, the commissioner of baseball, and Joe Cronin, president of the American League, absolutely adore the thing. Nor do the umpires seem to mind. This leaves only National League President Warren Giles and assorted managers opposed. Giles, in his ceaseless attempt to keep the image of the game immaculate, considers spit an improper subject. The managers would just like to get the whole thing straightened out. Is the spitter now legal, they ask, or is it still an outlaw pitch, just as it has been since 1920?

The answer would seem to be that the spitball is being legalized through usage if not through the rule book, and testimony indicates that some of the best pitchers in baseball are throwing the thing. The Detroit Tigers and the Baltimore Orioles contend that Whitey Ford of the New York Yankees—probably the best left-hander in the American League—has refined the spitball to such a point that his name should be carried in the box score with an asterisk alongside, in the fashion that the *Daily Racing Form* designates "mud marks" to Thoroughbreds.

Duke Snider, for 14 full years a Dodger and now the old, gray Met of New York, maintains that the National League's fine right-hander, Don Drysdale of the Los Angeles Dodgers, has "the best one" in the National League. Al Lopez, manager of the Chicago White Sox, says he saw Dean Chance of the Los Angeles Angels throw a spitter this year "that would have made Burleigh Grimes—the greatest spitball pitcher of all time—proud."

Gene Mauch, the contemplative manager of the Philadelphia Phillies, asserts that "there are 100 pitchers in the National League, and I'd say that 25 of them throw the spitter to some degree. Why, I've even got a couple who throw it myself." Orlando Peña of the Kansas City Athletics, that team's best pitcher, supposedly loads his pitches. Does Peña throw a spitter? "No sir," says Hank Bauer, who managed Peña last season and this year serves as a coach for Baltimore. "What Peña throws is a Cuban fork ball." When Eddie Lopat, Peña's current manager, was asked if his pitchers were throwing the spitter, he answered simply, "Not any more than anyone else."

Pedro Ramos of the Cleveland Indians, Earl (No-Hit) Wilson of the Boston Red Sox, Jim Bunning of the Detroit Tigers, Ron Kline of the Washington Senators and Jim Brosnan of the Chicago White Sox are names that keep bobbing up in spitball conversations in American league dugouts and dressing rooms.

In the National League, Ron Perranoski, the relief specialist of the Los Angeles Dodgers, allegedly throws it, as does the National League's player representative, Bob Friend of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Last year Dick Farrell of the Houston Colt .45s admitted that he threw a spitter to Stan Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals. Farrell had told Musial, "I can't even get you out with an illegal pitch." Musial, who has seen a few spitballs in his day, smiled and replied, "I thought that looked a little wet coming in there."

Recently Jack Buck, a St. Louis an-

continued

© 1963 Time Inc.

Orlando Peña of the A's sometimes throws what Henk Bauer calls "a Cuban fork ball."

Don Drysdale, according to Duke Snider, has the best spitball in the entire National League.

nouncer, spoke at a dinner attended by Bob Purkey of the Cincinnati Reds. "I won't go one way or another on the rumors that Purkey throws a spitball," said Buck, "but one day I saw the catcher go out to the mound wearing a bib."

The accelerated use of the spitball this year may be traced to any one of several causes. The players insist that too many young umpires are more concerned with getting their own image across on television than in calling a good game. "There are more hot dogs among the umpires now than there are among the players," one player contends. Most of these young umpires—10 of them under the age of 40 have been hired by the major leagues in the last two years—were born after the spitball was banned and, according to one manager, "they don't even know what a spitball is." To make matters worse, they are not even attempting to make sure that a pitcher wipes the saliva from his fingers when he begins to pitch.

In the National League the explanation is even simpler. Ordered to enforce the one-second balk rule, umpires soon discovered that Warren Giles—who issued the order in the first place—was reluctant to back them up. In the confusion pitchers quickly realized that an umpire worrying excessively about a balk was in no position to concentrate elsewhere. So the pitchers began to load 'em. And once having discovered how effective a good spitball can be, the pitchers weren't about to stop, even when the balk confusion was straightened out and the umpire's attention returned.

Some slippery stuff

The spitball, however, is not the only pitch that has the hitters upset. Some feel that pitchers are taking other things than their glove to the mound and that it will not be too long before some relief pitcher marches in from the bullpen with a jacket in his right hand and a bowl of borscht in his left. The "vaseline ball" is an offspring of the spitter, and there are suspicions and charges that the vaseline ball has become a mighty popular item.

Not too long after pitching his first and only victory of this year—he was sent to the minors this week—Bo Belinsky of the Los Angeles Angels returned to the dressing room at Chavez Ravine. Before attending to his public and his press Belinsky paused and then handed a small tube to his fellow pitcher, Bob Turley.

"Hey, thanks for that stuff, Bob," said Bo. "It worked good."

"What stuff?" Belinsky was asked.

"Bob gave me some sticky stuff for my hand," said Belinsky.

"That's supposed to be illegal," a reporter told Belinsky.

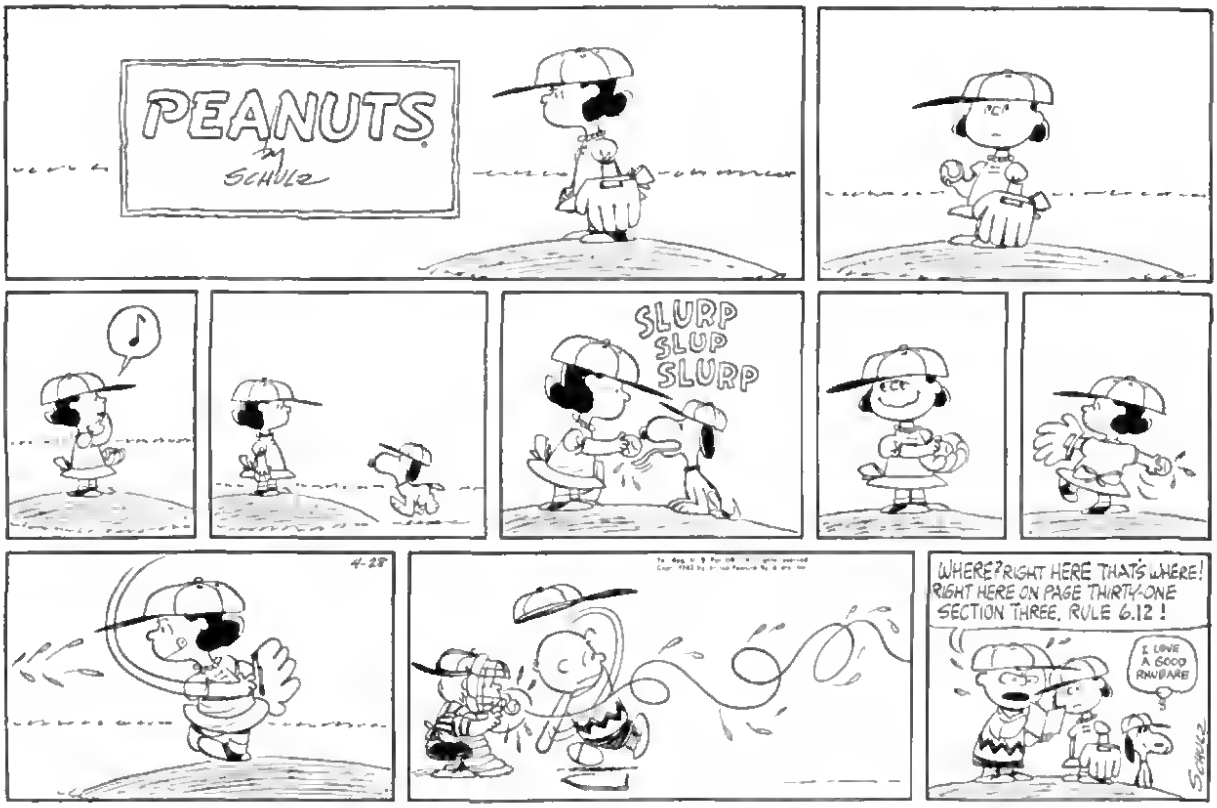
"Give me that stuff and keep your mouth shut," said Turley. "How dumb can you get?"

In theory the spitball has been illegal for 43 years, but some excellent pitchers, including Preacher Roe (SI, July 4, 1955) of the Brooklyn Dodgers and Joe Page of the New York Yankees have admitted that they employed it. They admitted it, of course, only after retiring.

A pitcher uses the spitter in a tight spot, normally with runners on base and a good hitter at the plate with two strikes against him. The pitch is thrown with an overhand or three-quarter motion, and it rides into the batter at knee level with very little spin. As it nears the batter it explodes, diving into the dirt and leaving the batter swinging at something that isn't there.

Bob Rodgers, the handsome young catcher for the Los Angeles Angels, admits that the spitball is hard to hit. Extremely hard. "As far as the speed of the

© 1963 by United Features Syndicate, Inc.



spitter is concerned," says Rodgers, "it's between the fast ball and the change. But a hitter knows a bad one when he sees it, and he calls it the old meatball. If you get one that doesn't have enough on it you can jerk it right out of the building. Today, though, there are quite a lot of pitches that are lumped in with the spitball and are really something else. A pitcher will take vaseline or some other greasy stuff and put a glob of it inside his trousers. Right behind his belt buckle. Or he will put a thin coat of it on the underside of the bill of his cap. He can also put it on the outside of his uniform, right behind his knee. People have grown used to seeing pitchers fidget on the mound. They yank at their trousers, tug on their caps, reach down and scratch behind the knee. They can get a load that way."

Earl Battey, the American League's All-Star catcher, says that a pitcher can get moisture for a spitter in several ways other than from his mouth. "On warm days," says Battey, "a pitcher will wear a long-sleeve sweat shirt, and the perspiration will trickle right down his arm and remain on his wrist. He's got a load right there. His forehead sweats and he reaches up for that."

The difficulty of detecting a spitball is evident. Watch a pitcher wet his fingers some day. He wets them by licking them or rubbing his hand across his forehead. When he wets his fingers he can also spit quickly on the heel of his hand. Even if he wipes off his fingers on the blouse of his uniform, he still has the material on the heel of his hand. The big question, however, is: Does he *really* rub those fingers on that uniform, or does he just pass them closely in front of it?

When Al Lopez made his accusation against Dean Chance he startled a lot of people by asserting that use of the spitball had increased 30% in the last five years. Then he accused the umpires of laxity. "There are enough umpires on the field to have one of them keep his eyes on the ball at all times," Lopez said. "If they are going to permit a pitcher to wet his fingers, and they don't make sure he wipes them off before making the pitch, then they should outlaw wetting the fingers."

Not too long before Lopez spoke out, the Detroit Tigers argued that Whitey Ford was throwing spitters and using the resin bag illegally. George Myatt, the Tiger third-base coach, twice told Umpire John Rice that Ford was utilizing illegal pitches. Rice went to the mound and warned Ford, but the Yankees went on to win 10–3.

"Ford," says Myatt, "gets the ball and spits on his hand. Sometimes he uses sweat. Then he reaches down toward the resin bag, just as if he is going to rub resin on the ball. Then he rubs the wet spot on the ground and gets dirt on the ball. The dirt helps his sinker. The rule says that a pitcher has to pick up the resin bag in his bare hand and that he can't put the ball on the ground. What Ford was doing was putting his hand down with the ball in it, making believe he was putting resin on his hand, and while doing that was rubbing the wet spot on the ground to get dirt on the ball."

Snider believes that the use of the spitter has increased "maybe as much as three, four times over what it used to be when I began playing regularly in 1949. This game of baseball is tough enough. If you get three hits in 10 times up you can make a lot of money. A hitter is willing to give the pitcher seven outs for three hits. But what those guys want is for us to get eight outs in every 10 times. The rules say no foreign matter may be used on the ball. Spit is foreign matter.

"The umpires," continues Snider, "can be pretty tough when they want to be. I know. Last year I found a bat with real good wood. There were lots of hits in that bat, and I didn't want to lose it by splitting or breaking it so I drove three silver nails into it to keep it from splitting. I painted the nails over so they wouldn't be seen. But one day in a game against Houston the catcher saw the nails shining and beefed to the umpire, and I had to get rid of the bat. If they can enforce that, why can't they enforce the spitter?"

A reversal of form

The penalty for using the spitball is severe. Once an umpire charges a pitcher with throwing a spitter the pitcher must leave the game, and a 10-day suspension follows. The last man to call a pitcher for using a spitter was Cal Hubbard, now the supervisor of umpires in the American League. During a game in St. Louis in 1944, Hubbard threw Nelson Potter of the St. Louis Browns out for throwing a spitball against the New York Yankees. Today Hubbard says, "I tossed Potter out for violating the pitching rules. He had his hands in his mouth all the time. Down inside of me I knew he was throwing the spitter."

When the major league rules committee met two years ago to vote on whether the spitball should be allowed back into baseball, Cal Hubbard, strangely enough, was the only member to vote yes. "I'm for anything that will help the pitcher," he says now.

If the spitter does come to a vote again shortly, one opponent will be Fresco Thompson, vice-president of the Dodgers and a member of the rules committee. "When you admit the spitter back into baseball," he says, "you are opening up some mighty big doors. In will come the emery ball and everything else. The pitchers, the pitchers—everyone is all of a sudden for the pitchers. There are a lot of them who can't even control the pitches that they have now. I have nothing against seeing a man hit .300. How many men hit .300 now? Darn few! Look at all this long-ball stuff. You have these guys hitting home run after home run, and everyone stands up in the ball park, watches the ball go out, figures how far it went and then sits down. Let's not forget that some guys can move a bat around and hit for average, and that's not too bad.

"When you say, 'O.K., fine, let the spitter back in,' aren't you saying something else, too? One of the great things about baseball is that there is supposed to be something the same about the game, about the way it is played. I always thought you could not go to a game for a couple of years and then come back to one and say to yourself, 'Well, in a changing world something remains the same.' Let basketball have its always changing rules, let football go from three platoons to none, but let us keep one thing fine that is fine."

The spitball hassle has now reached a point where the major leagues ought shortly to say yes or no. If they say no emphatically enough, then the umpires will be forced to enforce the existing rules and, as Warren Giles discovered this spring, a rule rigidly enforced can turn into a monstrous thing. If they say yes, on the other hand, who knows what skulduggery may follow?

"If baseball is worried about the length of time it takes to play games today," says Fresco Thompson, "just let them legalize the spitball. Guys will be taking so much time to load the ball—and fake a load—that people will never get out of the ball park."

But let no one be shocked if baseball allows the current nonsense to continue. After all, there is intrigue in wondering: "Does he or doesn't he?" And money, too. **END**

PALMER GETS FIT TO FIGHT AGAIN

Golf's most renowned player explains the slump that has had everyone talking, and shows the wondrous effects of two weeks off

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

The most interesting sports situation in the country could be found last week, not in any big-league baseball stadium, not at any famous tennis court or racetrack, but in a white ranch house hidden off the side of a country road on the outskirts of a little town named Latrobe, Pa.

There sat Arnold Palmer, King of the Golfers, in temporary exile while his fellow pros pursued $50,000 in prize money at the Memphis Open. Palmer had packed his clubs and gone home after a much-publicized slump. He had just lost four tournaments in a row in which he was defending champion. In the Masters, where spectators blinked in astonishment one day as Jay Hebert matched him yard for yard off the tees, he lost by five strokes. In San Antonio his irons plagued him. In the Las Vegas Tournament of Champions, where pudgy Billy Casper was fading drives as far as Palmer was hitting his best, he lost by five strokes. Finally, in Fort Worth's Colonial, his troubles reached a spectacular culmination. He shot a 299, the fourth worst competitive score of his professional career, and finished 20 strokes behind the winner.

The man who won two of these tournaments was Jack Nicklaus, only 23 years old and strong as an ox. King Arnie is 33. Even the most faithful follower in Arnie's Army was bound to wonder if the king had had it.

At ease and alone on his father's course at Latrobe, Palmer resumes work on his game by sinking a whole cupful of putts.

What was he up to in that neat white house in Latrobe? Was he getting ready to abdicate? Had the snap gone out of his tee shots, the fine edge of accuracy off his putts? Could it be, as some people were theorizing, that he was a man whose intensity required that he be alone at the top and that he now realized he was no longer alone there—in other words, that Nicklaus had beaten him and he was going to stay beaten? Was the famous Palmer spirit—that superbly confident will to win that has been lighting up television tubes and creating new golf fans by the thousands—broken at last?

Behind him, as he went off to Latrobe, the rumors swirled. He was said to be sick, to have required surgery during the Fort Worth tournament. It was gossiped that he had lost his incentive, that he had been living too high, that he was depressed, that he was sick of golf. His fellow pros all had their theories. And, in a statement given wide circulation, that ex-king named Bobby Jones predicted flatly that the Palmer Era was over, and in fact questioned whether it had ever existed.

"Sportswriters are given to extravaganees," said Jones, "and it was only natural that they should call Palmer the greatest golfer in the world. *I* never did. A newspaperman called me and asked me point-blank if Palmer wasn't the greatest golfer ever to play in the Masters. I told him, 'Heavens, no!' and asked if he'd ever heard of such fellows as Ben Hogan, Sam Snead, Byron Nelson and even Jack Nicklaus. I feel certain he'll snap out of this slump and come back to win again, but I don't believe Palmer will ever beat Nicklaus with any consistency."

Even his father, Milfred (Deac) Palmer, the Latrobe pro who taught him the game, had some tart words. "He's got to decide whether he wants to play golf or make television films with Bob Hope [*see page 64*]," said Deac.

Thus a visitor to Latrobe late last week might have expected to be faced with an ill, aging and short-tempered king with deep lines of worry etched on his forehead and a tremor haunting his fingers. But what he would have heard was a war whoop, and what he would have found was a surprise. The war whoop came from the 17th green of the Latrobe Country Club, where the king was playing a $5 Nassau with three old cronies. It was there he could be found, hopping in that familiar Palmer ecstasy, after sinking a 20-foot putt uphill over two undulating terraces for a birdie. On the 18th he hit an even better putt, a slippery, sliding, downhill 40-footer that missed by a hair. His card showed a good 70, and his mood showed a lot more.

Later that day, in his basement playroom, Palmer talked for a long time about his problems and his future. Once he stopped to jostle his 7-year-old daughter Peggy on his knee and read her a story about a Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar who lived in two glass houses. The couple from next door dropped in for a predinner drink. Another neighbor stopped by with a driver that needed fixing. A house guest, Artie Anderson, an old friend who owns a Los Angeles driving range, suggested a match over the felt putting green at one end of the playroom. Daughter Amy, 4, came in to be kissed good night. The telephone rang, but not with the urgent business deals that in the past pursued Palmer wherever he went; just friends who wanted to

continued

Photographs by Richard Meek

chat, to make him feel at home, to remind him there was a local election and he would want to vote. After nearly two weeks of voluntary exile among the home folks, the king was totally relaxed and looking great. He had figured out the answers to the questions that had bothered him. He was fit and full of fight again.

You can look out the back windows of the house in Latrobe and see the lush green fairways of the neat little nine-hole course where Deac Palmer taught Arnie to play the game of golf. The playroom of the house is lined with photographs, paintings and enlarged magazine covers of Arnold Palmer. Adjoining it is a workshop, where hundreds of putters, drivers and irons rest in the racks and where Palmer can put his hands quickly on every possible piece of equipment designed to file, grind, bend, paint or change the grip of a golf club.

Palmer flew a private plane—not his own Aero Commander but a new Riley Rocket he has been thinking of buying—back to the house in Latrobe on Monday, May 13, right after the disaster at Fort Worth. For five straight days he stayed out of the workshop. He felt no yearnings toward the fairways that beckoned to him through the windows. "I was disgusted with golf and with myself," he explains. "I played *bad* at Fort Worth. I didn't have the determination, or even the patience."

During those first five days Palmer flew a great deal. He enjoys flying. It is the avocation that relaxes him most. He was supposed to go to a board meeting of the Arnold Palmer Company in Chattanooga, but he decided to pass it up: too tired.

He went to his doctor, who is also a good friend and golfing companion, and had some tests at the local hospital. The doctor found nothing wrong with him except the famous sebaceous cyst that was the subject of so much speculation at Fort Worth. Newspapers have reported that the cyst is in his "lower back." Actually it is in his groin, and during the Fort Worth tournament it became irritated and swollen to the point where it caused him pain with every step. It has since subsided to normal, and he will probably have it removed.

The closest he got to a golf course was going to the new second nine that his father is adding to the Latrobe Country Club. He went over occasionally to run the bulldozer and knock down some trees. He also posed for a newspaper photograph that seemed to show him painting boards along his driveway, but this was a phony. As his wife Winnie says, "It was the first time he had a paintbrush in his hands since we were married."

He spent one evening making a speech at a meeting of the Greater Pittsburgh Greenskeepers Association and another evening carving two layers of felt (courtesy of the Palmer putting course company) into the seven-hole putting surface that now covers the end of his playroom. He began to file and grind on a new putter ("I've welded the old one so much that it's lost its resiliency, and I think maybe I'll have to change").

By Friday he was thinking about serious golf again, just as he had expected: "I knew that if I stayed home for a week I'd feel like going back and playing." But he resisted any temptation to rejoin the tour at Memphis: "I'd decided that this time I was going to stay home until I really felt like a human being again." Instead of going for the $50,000, Palmer merely practiced a little that first Saturday, then played the Latrobe course with some friends on Sunday. He enjoyed the game quite a bit—and began enjoying his subsequent rounds a lot.

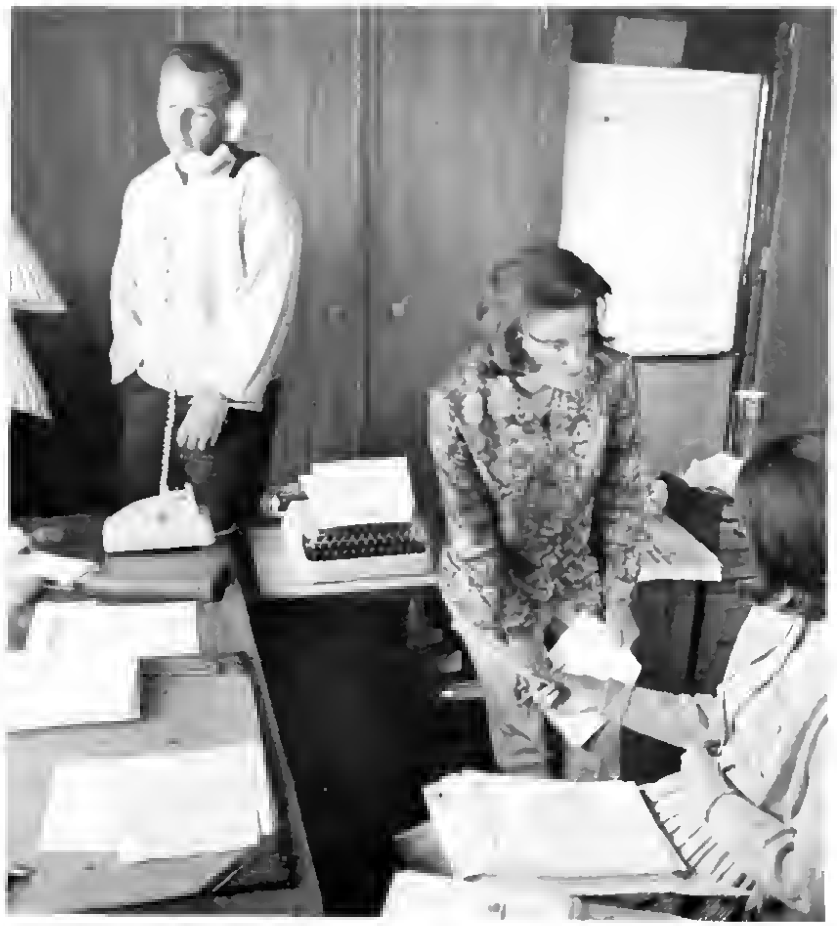
Certainly, he conceded as he talked about these events in the basement playroom, he had been in a slump. He himself figured it began long before anybody else noticed it—right after last year's British Open, the last time he felt really good about his game. Since then, even in tournaments he won, he had never once been completely happy with his play.

No, it wasn't a matter of distance off the tee. "I'm hitting the ball as far as I ever did, when I hit it properly," he said. "In fact, I don't think there's been anything badly wrong at all—mechanically—with my game. I got into the habit of closing my stance a little too much, and I let my hands move too far to the right on the club. But now that I'm home

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ernest Havemann, the best-known freelance writer in the country, and a golfer, racehorse owner and all-round sportsman as well, has been assisting Arnold Palmer with a series of articles on his golfing techniques and the lessons of his life that will appear exclusively in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *this summer. The long weeks he spent with Palmer place him in a unique position to observe Palmer's attitude and to report on what is happening at Latrobe.*

Never completely away from business, Arnie, his wife (center) *and secretary work at home.*



these things don't bother me. They're not hard to correct."

Nor was it a case, he insisted, of Nicklaus having the Indian sign on him. "Absolutely not. When I started, Sam Snead was beating me all the time, but I turned the tables. Right now it's just that I happened to lose three big tournaments that Nicklaus happened to win [the U.S. Open, the Masters and the Tournament of Champions]. He's still got a long way to go. He's a wonderful player, but he's got a lot of playing ahead of him. And usually it's harder to stay on the pedestal than to get there. There are a lot of good young golfers coming up—Tony Lema, Bobby Nichols. And how about Raymond Floyd? He hasn't done much yet, but he's only 20. He could be tremendous."

Thanks to his own skill and personality, and the cleverness of his lawyer-agent, Mark McCormack (SI, Nov. 12), Palmer has risen in a few years from country boy to highest-paid athlete in history, the first ever to earn half a million dollars a year. It might be logical to suspect that he now feels too rich to worry about his game. Palmer said it might be logical, but is totally untrue. "I've still got the desire to win," he said. "I want to beat every golfer there is, present and future. I want to win the Big Four some year [the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open and PGA]. That's always been my ambition, and it still is, more than ever. Money never was my incentive in this game. I play golf as well as I can because I like to win, and the money has come more or less by accident."

Palmer's own theory of the slump is simply that he played too steadily and, like a horse that is raced too much, tailed off his peak form. "This is my first real rest in three years," he pointed out. "You can't play every tournament and play well; if you try to make them all, soon you're just another player. Also I'm not as young as I was, and you age faster if you keep hitting the trail every week. I was dead tired at Fort Worth, and I felt physically lousy. That cyst was bothering me. I could have kept going, but I hope to be playing golf for a long while and I figured this was the time to take a good rest, then see if I couldn't get really charged up and playing my best again. The funny part is that some of the writers who are reading all kinds of meanings into my vacation are the same fellows who were urging me to take one."

WHAT THE OTHER PROS ARE SAYING

While Palmer was resting last week, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *asked some of his fellow professionals what changes they saw in his game and whether they thought he could come back strong. Here are their comments:*

DOUG FORD: It is Palmer's putting that is off. He is used to putting so phenomenally that a little bad putting comes as a mental jar to him. It seems to have affected him psychologically. Then, too, the competition in the past two years is up 100%. There are more players able to stick with him. But he has too solid a game to be off as badly as people are thinking. It is just that he is in a mental slump and can't concentrate.

MIKE SOUCHAK: I'd have to believe that Arnie's whole game has suffered some. His putting is not as good as it used to be. Other things, too. But everybody who ever played has gone through what he's going through. He'll snap out of it. Will he beat Nicklaus? I couldn't say. I don't know when anybody will be able to beat Nicklaus.

TOMMY BOLT: I think he has lost a lot of his confidence.

BOB ROSBURG: His putting has been affected most. But he has lost some of his distance, too. He doesn't seem to be catching the ball solid any more. Will he win again? You bet he will.

BYRON NELSON: Nobody can stay hitched up and going all the time. The body and mind won't stand it. When you are playing tournament golf you can feel that tension point coming, but you can't help it. The golf bug has been on Palmer's back no matter where he goes. So the tension keeps building up, and the confidence drains away. The only answer is what Arnold is doing—complete rest.

TONY LEMA: I don't think he is in a slump. He played some wonderful golf at Las Vegas. When Palmer's timing is perfect there is no one who can hit the ball as well as he can, but that is something no golfer can hold more than a short time. A lot of people have said that he is tired, and I guess he has begun to believe it himself.

DOUG SANDERS: He doesn't seem to be able to concentrate as well as he did in the past. I think he is involved in so many outside interests that they are taking his mind away from the game. And everyone has to relax. Each year you are a year older, and you have to relax a bit more.

JACK NICKLAUS: We both have our outside interests, but neither of us really has to let them bother us. There is nothing wrong with Arnold's golf. Pretty soon he will be back and playing well. He may win a tournament right off. On the other hand, he may come close a lot and not win. That happens. He won seven tournaments all last year, didn't he? And he has won only three so far this year? Gee, that's a terrible slump, isn't it?

What about outside distractions? "Sure, I had too much to do," Palmer said. "It takes a lot of work to set up businesses. And I invited some of the pressures myself. I hate to say no. I let myself get involved in too many things at once. I didn't have enough time left in the day to practice. But now we're over the hill with the companies. I've been turning down all the offers for exhibitions, and a half-million-dollar deal to move to California as a pro, and things like that. I'll have a lot more time for the golf course in the future."

Palmer is a great believer in the theory that golf is played "90% from the shoulders up." He thinks concentration, more than any physical factor, is the secret of playing well. And this, in the last analysis, is where he felt something had been really wrong with his game.

"There were too many other things creeping into my mind," he said. "Instead of thinking only about the shot, I began to have mental lapses—and I'd make a mistake that got me in trouble, or miss a putt I needed. Naturally, I began to worry—which made it worse. No, I don't mean that I lay awake at night or anything like that. I'm too good a sleeper—and I was so tired anyway that I dropped right off. And now I'm not worried at all. As soon as you get a little rest it's amazing how you perk up. All I need now is to start concentrating again, and then practice until I get my timing a little sharper. It's going to take a lot of practice after this layoff, but now I'm in the mood for it. I'll be ready to play by the time of the Thunderbird, two weeks from now. I have felt stronger the last few days than I have in the past five years."

And, as if to emphasize his point, he rose, poked his good friend Artie Anderson in the belly, squared off into a sparring stance and said, "I could take on you and a herd of elephants." END

To beat Peter Snell, Coach Mihaly Igloi devised a four-man racing machine. But he was up against a miler who liked to race men—not stopwatches **by TEX MAULE**

HOW A MAN OF SPIRIT WRECKED

In an age in which it seems grimly probable that the computer will displace man, it is comforting to have a Gordon Cooper prove that human intelligence is irreplaceable in outer space. Similar if lesser comfort was provided last weekend by a powerful New Zealander, Peter Snell, when he ran the third fastest mile ever. The finest miler of all time, Snell was only five-tenths of a second behind his own world record. He was also a living example of an old truth: there is nothing quite so impressive as self-determination.

Snell ran at Modesto, Calif., some 90 miles southeast of San Francisco, and he produced his superlative effort against a mile running machine—the Los Angeles Track Club. Coached by Mihaly Igloi, the LATC operates on the theory that if the correct buttons are pushed and the correct lap times calculated, a win and a world record will emerge almost automatically. The LATC has been right more often than not but, until Snell's thundering triumph, the old-fashioned method of combining pride, guts and strength with an instinct for making the proper move at the proper time had been almost forgotten —except by people like Snell.

There were four significant milers in the race: Snell, the world champion; Jim Beatty, the small, indefatigable American middle-distance runner who most people thought was ready to take Snell; his Los Angeles Track Club teammate, Jim Grelle; and Cary Weisiger, an outsider of sorts who, almost unnoticed by his compatriots, had been running some very good times recently. Grelle is a sensitive, nervous runner who suffers from migraine headaches—one kept him out of the Coliseum Relays a fortnight ago, where he might have beaten Snell. Weisiger, now a marine, receives his coaching by mail from Al Buehler, his undergraduate coach at Duke, whose system is a synthesis of the methods favored by Igloi and Arthur Lydiard, who handles—and sometimes influences—Snell.

In addition, there were George Jessup of Los Angeles State College, a 4:10 miler who was asked by meet promoters to run the first half mile in 1:56; and Bob Seaman of the LATC, whose role was to pile on a fast third quarter directly after Jessup's half.

Beatty was not particularly anxious to run against Snell on Saturday. He came to the race tired from a vigorous 5,000-meter run the week before against Murray Halberg, which he won. Never before had Igloi asked one of his runners to return within a week from so hard a race to appear against a competitor of Snell's class. He drove Beatty unmercifully in practice.

By way of contrast, Snell trained rather casually, although he had not been impressive in his maiden appearance of the year in the U.S., when he won an uninspired race against Dyrol Burleson in a fraction over 4 minutes at Los Angeles. "He has been niggling at his training,"

continued

Coming off last turn, heavily muscled Snell powers away from U.S. Marine Weisiger (center) as tiring teammates Grelle and Beatty (left) fight for third.

IGLOI'S COMPUTER

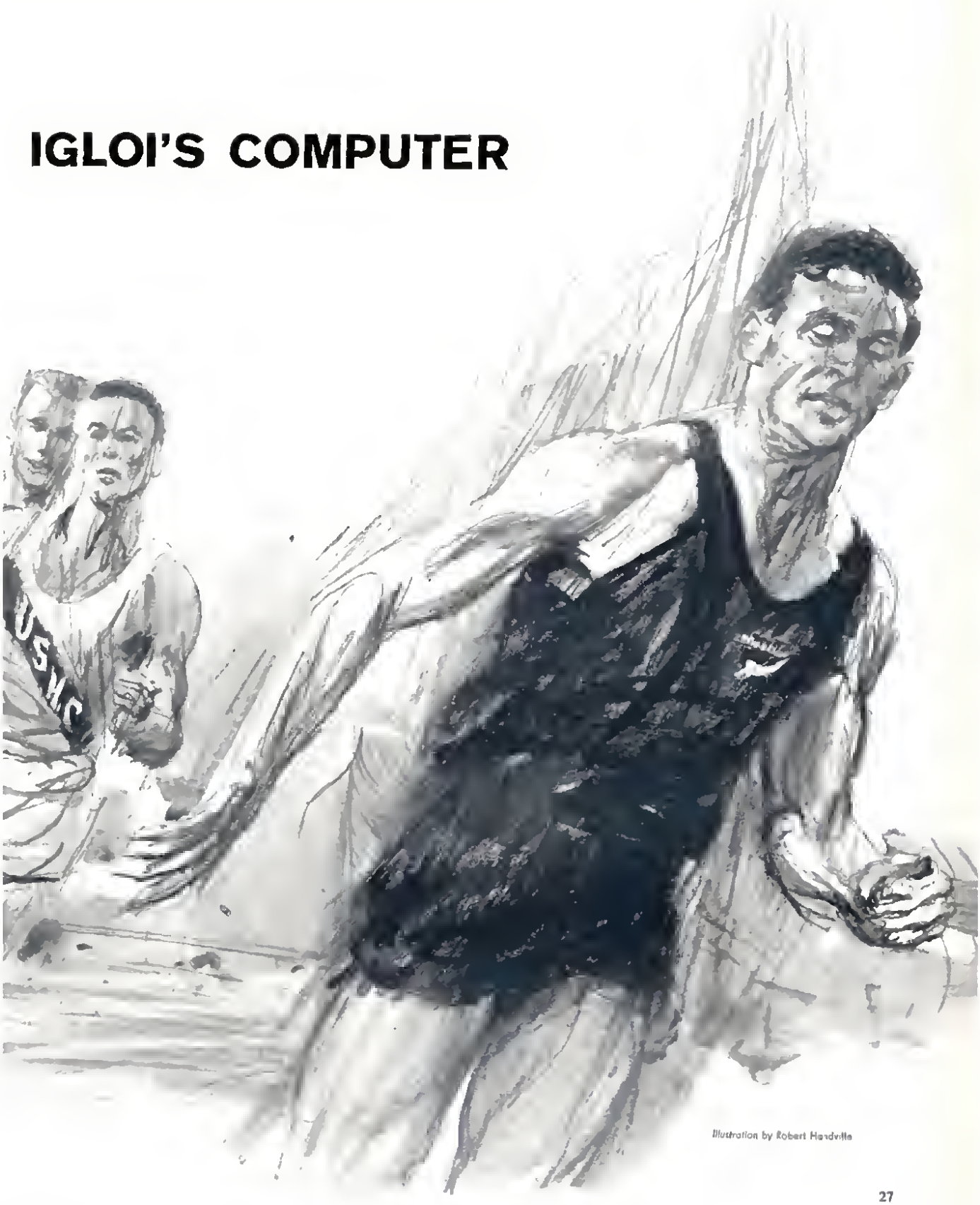


Illustration by Robert Handville

fresh
from the
hands of
Hanes

at leading stores

Diplomatic way to demand the finest:
say "Hanes Statesman, please." T-shirts, briefs and shorts, impeccably tailored of choice American cottons. And for such luxurious quality, surprisingly moderate prices. This Hanes Statesman T-shirt of 100% pima cotton costs just $1.50.
Your favorite shop most likely has Hanes Statesman now. If not, won't you please let us know?

P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem 1, N. C. • Sweden • Australia • New Zealand • Philippines

said Lydiard before the Los Angeles mile. "The best thing that could happen to him is for some chap to do in his mile record. That might make him work. He has been running on the interest of the conditioning he built up when he really wanted to run. I don't know how long the interest will last."

Lydiard is not truly Snell's coach, in the sense that Igloi is the coach of the members of the Los Angeles Track Club. "I do not tell him what to do," Lydiard said in Modesto last Friday. "If he asks me, I help him. But he doesn't ask often. He is not as fit as he has been. But if an American is to beat him tomorrow night, he must run at least a 3:56. I feel that no American runner can beat him. His great quality is that he insists that he will not be beaten."

Although Snell is grateful to Lydiard for supervising his marathon training over the hills and through the sands of New Zealand, he does not feel that Lydiard knows quite as much as he does about the half mile and the mile. He believes that he has been able to combine what Lydiard has given him on distance running with what he himself knows about middle-distance running. It is not a preplanned to-the-fraction-of-a-second system that Snell admires. It is, rather, a system which depends upon Snell himself.

"I am not a time-trial runner," he says. "I am more of a racer. I run against the man, not the watch. If I am to run a very good mile in the U.S., someone will have to pull me along."

Thus the big mile race, which had been eagerly awaited for some two years, developed as a contest of temperaments and planning.

Weisiger's coach had written Cary that he was capable of 3:56. But, he had cautioned, Weisiger must remember that his forte as a miler was his strength. He should impose a strong pace because he could not hope to sprint at the end with milers like Beatty and Snell.

Beatty, Grelle and the rest of the Los Angeles Track Club contingent wanted a hard tempo, too. The only runner in the race who was hoping for a rather leisurely pace for the first three quarters was Snell himself. "If they want to win, they must run a quick half," Snell said. "I hope they don't. I'd like to run about 3 minutes for the three-quarters. I hope it is not under that."

The rabbit—Jessup—led the first lap,

but he did not perform well. Expected to do 56 or 57 seconds, he ran 58. The field was right behind. Seaman was closest, and Beatty, running third, finished the quarter in 58.8. Snell, who was sixth heading into the second quarter mile, had preserved his personal timetable by running the quarter in 59.3.

Jessup led through part of the second lap, but again in too slow a time to erode Snell's finishing speed. Beatty grew impatient with him on this second lap and took the lead himself, trying to force the pace. He passed the half-mile mark in 1:59.1, with Weisiger second. This was good time, but to those who had an inkling of what was to come it was plainly disturbing.

Before the race Weisiger had said he felt that if he kicked, he would have to start early and carry on long. Trying to force Snell, he took the lead through the entire third lap, finishing the three-quarters in 2:59.4. This was a respectable time but, unfortunately, not the kind of time designed to deprive Snell of his finish thrust.

Right place, right time

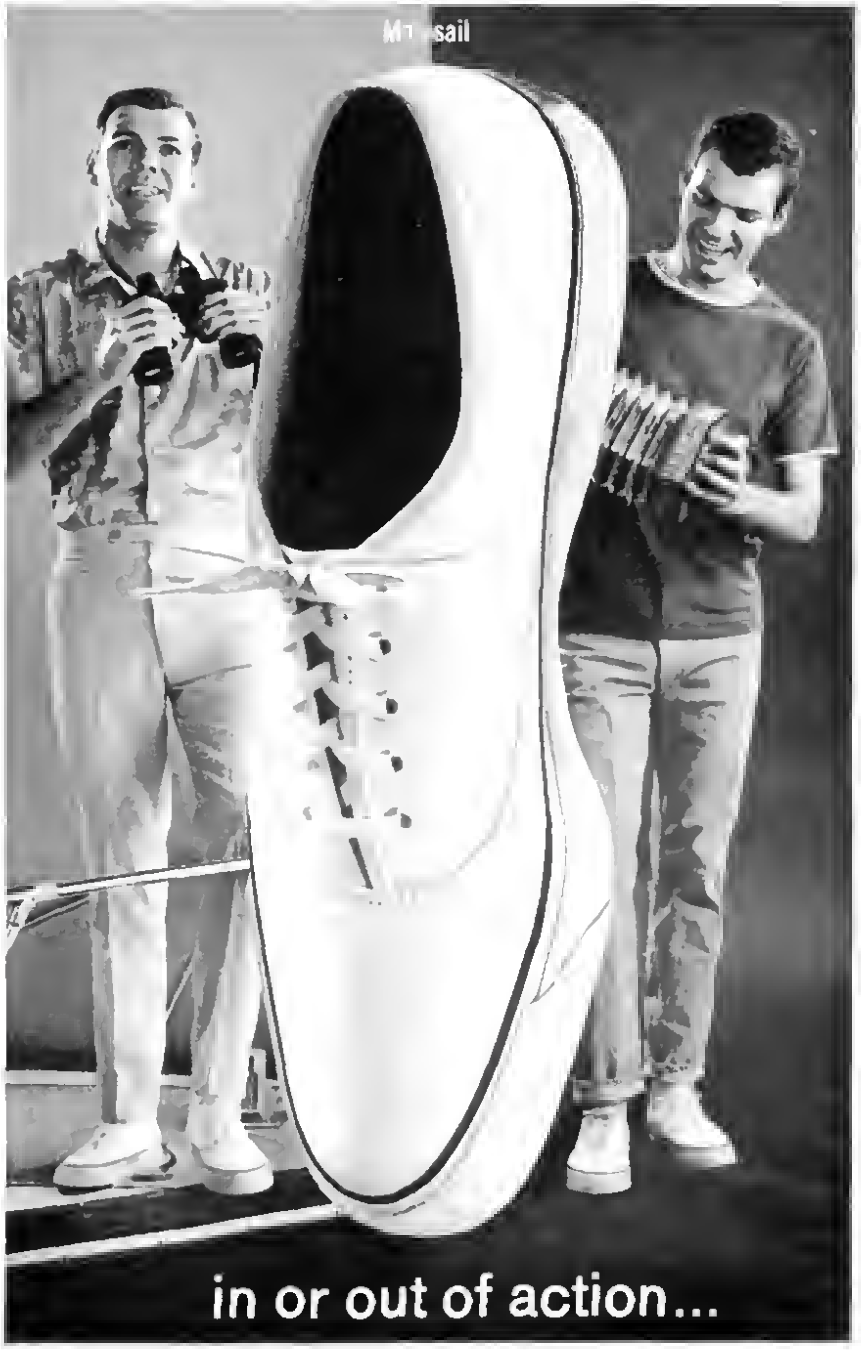
Going into the last lap, Snell was fourth in 3:00.2, exactly where he wanted to be. Now Weisiger lifted the pace, stretching his lead over the other runners around the penultimate turn. Snell responded by moving up past Beatty and dropping in just behind Grelle, who was trying to match Weisiger's kick. ("I came up on his shoulder and tried to go by and I couldn't," Grelle said later. "I knew then Cary was too strong.")

Going down the backstretch of the last lap, Weisiger continued running strongly. Snell, coolly patient, was running well within himself while Beatty, plodding desperately behind Snell, began to labor visibly.

About halfway down the backstretch, Snell looked back at Beatty. Then, as he hit the last turn, he began an almost incredible acceleration. He flew by Weisiger and finally seemed to be finishing a different race than the one the Americans were running. Snell, suddenly, was a sprinter, among distance men. His time was 3:54.9. Weisiger, holding on for second, ran 3:57.3. Beatty, in third, and Grelle, in fourth, both recorded 3:58 flat.

"I felt I had to sprint around the bend," Snell said, "because the homestretch on this track is very short and I want room to run. I looked back at Beatty, because he was the chap I was

continued on page 60



the big shoe is
U.S. KEDS

Take Keds 'Mainsail.' Made for action on the decks, with a special non-skid sole, but equally at home on land. Cleanest lines and smoothest fit you could want! Plus built-in comforts and a rugged construction. Ask for 'Mainsail,' as shown, or slipon style.

LOOK FOR THE BLUE LABEL*

US Keds

*Both U.S. Keds and the blue label are registered trademarks of

United States Rubber

The director of the Peace Corps and brother-in-law of President Kennedy, stirred by a Sports Illustrated article defining the true threat to sport, cites the achievements of a notable group of athletes and coaches

THE MORAL FORCE OF SPORT

by SARGENT SHRIVER

Two weeks ago, disturbed by a new wave of football scandals, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reflected on the moral crisis in American sport. If there is a crisis, it belongs strictly in the publicity-drenched world of commercialized athletics. This was spectacularly demonstrated to me last week when Dr. William Unsoeld, a mountain climber from Corvallis, Ore., and Dr. Thomas F. Hornbein became the first men ever to traverse Mt. Everest. Unsoeld is a Peace Corps leader in Nepal. He, like so many other Americans of character and courage—far outnumbering the few nationally known athletes who have involved themselves in dubious activities—is again proving the profound moral force of sports. Athletics, we have found in the Peace Corps, has become a highly effective U.S. export—and a good one by any standards.

I have seen this confirmed dozens of times in the past year. The men and women we have sent overseas have shown, in the best tradition of American sport, that we can help build personal character, national pride and international understanding. I am proud of these volunteers not only for the work they are doing, but because I believe that they represent and exemplify American athletics far better than a handful of delinquents who have been led astray by their zeal for fame and wealth.

In the motion picture, *The Hustler*, a young player challenges a recognized king of the poolroom—Minnesota Fats. It is apparent that the young man is the better player, and at first he wins consistently. But as the long hours wear away and one day fades into the next, fatigue and alcohol slow his game, and Minnesota Fats, imperturbable and steady, overtakes and beats the challenger. A cynical gambler explains to the bitter and uncomprehending youth—"sure you got talent, a lot of people have talent, what it takes is character."

While some people might doubt that any pool hustler, even Minnesota Fats, possesses moral attributes worthy of emulation, the gambler's comment could well stand as the motto for sport through the ages. In giving the highest honors of the city to the Olympic victors, the Greeks were not merely honoring strength or swiftness. They were paying homage to the dedication, the toil and determined training, the joy in competition which symbolized their highest ideals of man's character.

When we forget this, when we exalt talent and are indifferent to character, then sport is nothing more than a parlor game, an especially clever card trick. That is why the unethical actions of a few can be so disheartening. They cast a shadow over all those who share a true love for sports.

But these few do not represent American sports or those who play them. I know they do not. For in the Peace Corps I have seen hundreds of our athletes break through into an entirely new dimension of athletic and human achievement. They are revealing, on an unprecedented scale, the value of sports as a tool in building that world of independent, friendly nations that is the major goal of America's foreign policy.

From Venezuela and the Ivory Coast to Iran and Thailand, volunteers are teaching the universal language of sports. Some are Olympic athletes. Others come from high school and college fields. All share a dedication and idealism that is far removed from the commercialism and profiteering of which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED speaks. They serve virtually without pay, often under difficult and primitive living conditions. They often lack equipment and facilities. (One of our basketball coaches in Tunisia saw high winds blow down his baskets. Undismayed, he proceeded to teach dribbling and passing. As a result he has a team of excellent court players who have never had a chance to shoot.)

A president of an African country writes the Peace Corps: "By teaching sports you will break down tribal and regional loyalties and help to build a sense of national pride which is essential to our future." In Ghana, Michael Shea, a Peace Corps coach, was carried off the field on the shoulders of his victorious team, one of the few white men carried triumphantly by Negroes anywhere in the world recently. At the African Friendship Games in Dakar, competing teams from three countries were coached by U.S. Peace Corps volunteers. Next year seven countries will have Peace Corps coaches. In Indonesia, Peace Corps volunteers (SI, Dec. 10) soon will be training the athletes who will compete in the huge stadium built at enormous expense by the Soviet Union. In Venezuela, Will Prior, formerly a catcher with the San Francisco Giants' chain, has helped build a recreation camp out of the wilderness, pouring foundations for tents, collecting old crates for tables. In this camp boys from teeming Caracas get their first taste of organized recreation. "You pick up

a ball," says Prior, "and, bam! 10 kids around you. They've never had a chance to do anything like this. We are training young leaders."

In Thailand an American Peace Corps athlete fought a draw, in a benefit match, against a Thai boxer. He was the first Westerner ever to escape defeat in a sport which allows kicking, kneeing and elbowing in addition to the more conventional technique of punching. The Bangkok newspapers reported that "The American pioneer in Thai boxing won the hearts of the crowd by his realistic war dance [an elaborate prefight ritual designed to conjure up the support of the spirits] and his neat way of handling his opponents." And in a few minutes, in a distant arena, that young American did as much for his country as all the highly paid stars who ever played.

And the same story, in less spectacular ways, is being repeated daily throughout the world. When Joe Mullins went to Isfahan, Iran as a track coach, the school to which he was assigned had never won a trophy. Today it holds five individual trophies and the city championship. Joe has been given an award as the best coach of Isfahan, and the Peace Corps has received a request that he be made track coach for the entire town. And on the little West Indies island of St. Lucia, volunteer Carlos Naranjo formed the first island basketball league. He is the top scorer on the brand-new St. Lucia all-island team.

These are stories of individual accomplishment. And they multiply daily. They help to demonstrate the inner significance of sports which we in the United States are in danger of forgetting. In the international arena, as well as among individuals, sport is the great democrat. "We cannot compete with you in steel mills or in airplanes," the leader of an

continued on page 62

DIRECTOR SHRIVER, who often invites Peace Corps volunteers for an athletic weekend at his Rockville, Md. estate, leads pet monkey **Tom Tom,** which he acquired on trip to Sierra Leone.

GOOD LOOKS AND GOOD GOLF ON THE LADIES' TOUR

BY GWILYM S. BROWN

Partially obscured by the prosperous clamor that emanates from the men's professional golf tour is the significant fact that the ladies of pro golf are enjoying a newfound success of their own. The two golfing caravans are about as similar as Bermuda shorts and Bermuda onions, but it is precisely this contrast —and an ability to exploit it—that has suddenly swelled the popularity of the game played the way the ladies play it.

Up until two years ago The Ladies Professional Golf Association—which has no connection with the men's PGA —was down on its collective knees begging someone, anyone, to put on its tournaments someplace, anyplace. Today the LPGA, like the wallflower who discards her spectacles, shakes down her hair and becomes something to see, can greet its growing list of suitors with new confidence. At least 31 tournaments will be played this year, as compared to 24 in 1961, and they are scheduled in an orderly geographic progression so that the girls do not leapfrog around the country like so many golfing airline stewardesses.

The total prize money for 1963 will be about $280,000—up from $186,000 in 1961—and a lot of attractive, talented young women, like the five pictured on the following pages, are moving out on the pro circuit. The future, with its promise of still more tournaments, more prize money and more fresh faces, is even brighter, especially since women's golf is growing at a faster rate than men's.

The LPGA tour has always had considerable potential as a sporting showcase. Its fields are small, so its tournaments are more compact than the sometimes unwieldy men's events that must schedule dawn-to-dusk action. The women are also able to offer their galleries instructional opportunities as well as competitive thrills. Mickey Wright, the finest player in the history of women's golf, gets her tremendous distance and accuracy with a swing as uncomplicated as a breath of air. Lacking the physical strength of their male counterparts, all the women are forced to rely heavily on basics to play the game well. Since their swings generally have a much slower tempo than the men's, it is easier for spectators to see exactly what it is the players are trying to do with a given shot.

But perhaps the most important reason of all for the current popularity of the ladies' version of the game is that the tour literally has a new look: the pleasant, charming look of young girls at play. "A few years ago only an outstanding amateur like Mickey Wright could take the chance of turning pro," says Betsy Rawls, a South Carolinian who earned a Phi Beta Kappa key and a degree in physics at the University of Texas and has been playing golf professionally since 1951. "But now the younger players see the prize money we are winning out here. They see the 10 leading money winners driving around in new Oldsmobiles, and they figure their chances of making a living are pretty good. As a result, we are now getting quality players in depth."

One of the best examples of this is Shirley Englehorn, a slight, hotly competitive youngster from Caldwell, Idaho. She had won only a few regional titles as an amateur when she came out on the pro tour late in 1959 at the age of 18. But last year she won two LPGA tournaments, made $14,324 in prize money and picked up another $6,000 from various endorsements and teaching jobs—which isn't a bad income for a 22-year-old girl.

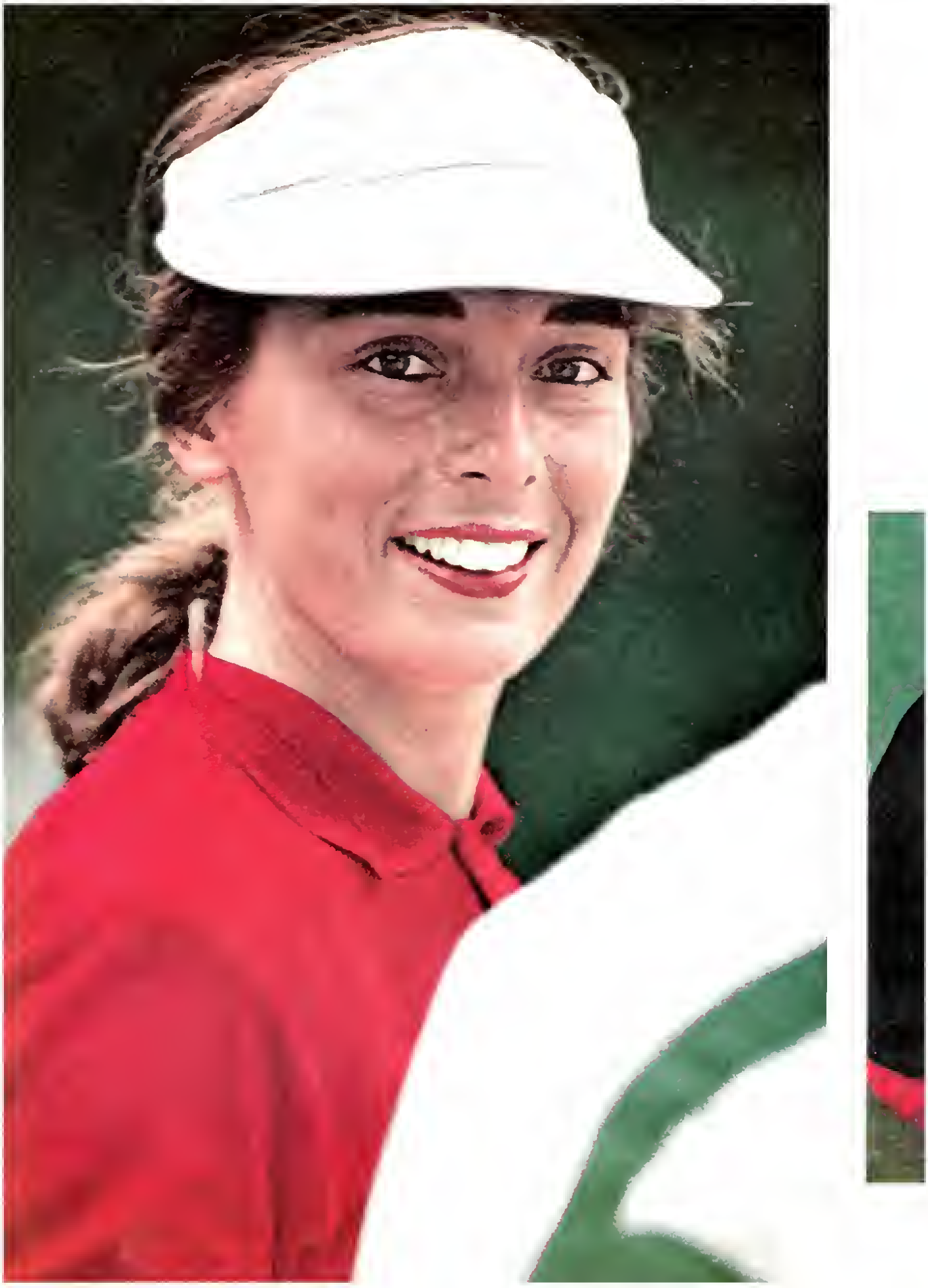
"Shirley keeps the ball in play about

text continued on page 37

SANDRA HAYNIE

This tiny Texan, at 19, is one of the tour's little girls, but there is nothing at all demure about her golf. She won $7,050 last year.

Photographs by James Drake



LESBIA LOBO

Dark and piquant, this youthful Texan (*left*) doesn't enter every tournament, but galleries find her as welcome as a dash of spice.

SHIRLEY ENGLEHORN

Fetching and dimpled, 22-year-old Shirley (*right*) can flash one of the most competitive games on the tour as well as a winning smile.

JUDY KIMBALL

Blonde and bouncy and an all-round athlete, Judy (*below*), only 24, has already won a big event, the Ladies' PGA Championship

JUDY TORLUEMKE

If freckles were birdies, nobody would be able to defeat this St Louis miss, who at 18 is the youngest player on the Ladies' tour.

as well as anyone out here," says Mickey Wright, "but the most impressive thing about her is her competitive temperament. She just never gives up. The gallery can sense this and likes it. It shows in everything she does." Shirley is bringing to the tour, in fact, the same kind of spirit that once kept her alive. In March of 1960, immediately after playing in the Titleholders tournament in Augusta, Ga., she went horseback riding and galloped into an overhanging tree limb. The shocking blow to her head and the subsequent fall caused a brain concussion and five broken vertebrae. She was unconscious for two weeks. "When I came to," she recalls, "I didn't think I was alive. There had been snow on the ground when I fell. Now I could see it was warm and sunny outside. Besides, I was surrounded by nuns."

So successful has Shirley been that she and her contemporaries are now in the majority on the tour, and the older, established stars are finding it harder and harder to beat them. Long-hitting Kathy Whitworth, 23, won two tournaments last year and was second only to Mickey Wright in money earnings, with $20,052. Little Sandra Haynie was 5 feet 1 and weighed only 95 pounds when she joined the tour in 1960. She has since grown three inches, gained 20 pounds, won two tournaments and displayed the most natural swing in women's golf. Mary Mills, a 23-year-old who handles every club with equal skill, was voted Rookie of the Year in 1962 and won more than $9,000. Judy Kimball, 24, won the Ladies PGA championship. Twenty-four-year-old Clifford Ann Creed (SI, Sept. 3, 1962), an amateur sensation in 1962, turned professional late in the year and was able to finish third in the first tournament she entered.

The good looks of girls like Lesbia Lobo, a Texas country-club professional's daughter who is seen increasingly often on the tour, the buoyant puckishness of teen-agers like Judy Torluemke and the competitive balance created by matching the energies of youth against the skill and experience of its better-known names has done a lot to improve the LPGA's status. So has good promotion. Much of the credit for bringing this vitality into a group that was looking more like a corpse than a corps every year goes to a man, the LPGA's new tournament director, Leonard Wirtz. A 5-foot-5 tornado of activity who doubles as one of the Midwest's best college basketball officials during the winter, Wirtz assumed his present duties during the 1961 U.S. Women's Open at Baltusrol in New Jersey. Though accustomed to the brawling of basketball, Wirtz—as any normal man would—felt some hesitation about trying to control the athletic and financial destinies of three dozen career girls. So he decided to apply to his golfing activities the rules of behavior he had long used to survive on the basketball court.

"I try to treat every girl the way I would a basketball player during the heat of a game," Wirtz says. "In other words, everyone, from Mickey Wright to the least important kid on the tour, gets strict and equal treatment."

This policy has worked well. So have two of Wirtz's more tangible arrangements. One was persuading Oldsmobile to loan showroom-fresh Starfires to the leading money winners. What woman would want to look this kind of gift horsepower in the mouth? The other was his success in getting complete authority over everything involved with the LPGA and its tournaments.

"But I wouldn't be so stupid as to put through anything really important without consulting the players," admits Wirtz, a husband and father of five who presumably knows all about hell, fury and a woman scorned. He took all the risks he cared to in that direction when he sweetly, kindly, quietly and firmly ordered the girls to improve their personal appearance on and off the golf course. The chubby ones were asked to slim down a little or, if they could not, to refrain from wearing shorts. Frequent permanent waves were suggested, and playing outfits were to be kept neat and well-pressed. The players took his manly suggestions to heart, and the change proved to be good for morale, as well as for the LPGA's public image.

Wirtz also extended his authority into the field of decorum. He felt temperamental outbursts looked bad enough coming from a Tommy Bolt, and were absolutely boorish when displayed by a lady. So he imposed a $50 fine for club-throwing. A club is considered thrown if it leaves a competitor's hand and hits the ground. The women are considerably less blasé about money than the men, and this fine has provoked a number of amusing incidents. Last year at the Cosmopolitan Open in Rockton, Ill., Mickey Wright hit what she thought would be a superb nine-iron, only to see the ball take a big hop and bounce over the green. She gave her club an exasperated flip into the air, then realized that she had not felt $50 worth of rage. She attempted a diving catch, but could not come up with the club in time. So long, $50. Jo Ann Prentice, however, produced one of the memorable athletic moments of 1962 when she hurled a club into near-orbit at Beaumont, Texas after a bad shot. Sensing in a flash of thrift that immediate action had to be taken, she managed a catch worthy of Willie Mays.

Thus Wirtz has done much to improve the tour he is selling, and potential tournament sponsors are finding good reasons for buying his package. Its small size, for instance, is one. The LPGA has only 30 regulars on its tour. The men have more than 100. Thus the LPGA's prize money average of $9,000 per event goes a long way.

"You get a lot for your money with the Ladies PGA," says Stan Sousa of Carvel Franchise Systems, which will direct the Carvel Ladies' Open on Long Island late this month as a benefit for two New York charities. "You get a four-day tournament that is good promotion for the sponsor, is easy on the golf club that hosts it and can make some nice money for charity as well."

"We can't compete with the men and we don't want to," says Lennie Wirtz. "We are trying to promote women's golf on a completely different basis. I like to put our tournaments into the small metropolitan communities that will want to get behind the event year after year and make the promotion a kind of family affair. We have to think in long-range terms. If our philosophy was 'make a quick buck now and to heck with next year' we'd be dead. I'd like a 35-tournament schedule and I'll be happy with an average purse of $10,000 per event."

This is not being overly optimistic. To bring it about, Wirtz will travel 100,000 miles and make calls in at least 42 states this year. "I'll knock on doors anywhere," he says of his increasingly successful attempts to line up tournament sponsors. His ladies, meanwhile, are playing golf at a competitive level and for stakes not dreamed possible just two years ago. The LPGA is becoming a glamour girl at last. **END**

Slipperiest Fish in the Sea

The eel languishes on the muddy bottom of men's regard, but he is really a personable fellow once you get to know and understand him—an invitation to the angler and a delight to the palate

by Virginia Bennett Moore

Illustration by Don Moss

Only three of the five serpentine fish shown above are true eels. At the bottom are the common eels, with the conger eel just above them. At right is the sharp-toothed, cave-dwelling moray. All three are edible. The electric eel, actually a relative of the carp and catfish, is at top left. The jawless, sucking fish at top right is the lamprey, a vampire which lives on the blood of other fish, sometimes wiping out whole populations

Everybody knows about eels. Our degrading similes—as slippery as, as slimy as—have made most of us knowledgeable eel haters. But eels do have their fanciers, even their devotees, although these do not seem to loom very large in the population. This is a pity.

The fanciers know that eels are delicious to eat. The devotees know that, besides being tasty, an eel will give any fisherman a very good fight—twice. The first battle is in the water, the second in the boat. And if you go out for conger, a marine branch of the eel family that lives in European and Asiatic seas—you can even charter a special boat to fish for them off County Galway, Ireland—you are apt to find yourself with a lively boatful of sea monster. One venturesome fisherman not long ago, name of O'Brien, hooked a seven-foot conger in the Bristol Channel, and finally boated it with the aid of an oar and his struggling partner. The beast bit a chunk out of the oar and sent the fishing partner spinning into the bilges. Then it knocked O'Brien overboard. Compare that with the polite protests of your channel bass or your wahoo, weakfish, or porbeagle shark. Yet neither the freshwater eel, nor

continued

even the mighty conger, is listed in any records of the International Game Fish Association.

Why, then, is the eel neglected? There is more than a single reason for it. For one thing, it is shy. The common freshwater eel of the eastern U.S., like its brothers and sisters everywhere, lies in the mud of either fresh or tidal waters, sensibly minding its own business. It is quiet during the day, feeding mostly from dusk to dawn. Even the toothy moray—another marine cousin, characterized by some as the criminal element of eel society—usually will bite people only as the result of unprovoked, if sometimes unwitting, attack.

A further reason for distrust is that the eel is a bottom feeder and an eater of carrion. (It will eat anything—even milk from a baby bottle, as Pennsylvania state hatcherymen have trained some of their eels to do. But it normally finds plenty of carrion on the bottom.) Some people think this is a nasty habit, though they do not much remark upon it or hold it against the flounder, oyster, clam or blue crab.

The eel is a true fish, not a reptile. It is not a primitive fish, either, but highly adapted to the life it leads. Its paired fins (except for the pectorals) are long since lost, and the dorsal, anal and caudal fins have grown into a long swim-fringe reaching from the last third of its back to its belly, activated by some 500 little ray bones. As for the slime, marine biologists think it is a coating that helps the eel move from ocean to fresh or fresh to ocean water without any known preparation.

Eels are ubiquitous in the eastern half of the United States and abound in the waters of Europe, Japan and Australia. They are in streams of Connecticut, backwaters of Maryland and Virginia, creeks and wells of Kentucky, ponds of Indiana, rivers of Mississippi and dewy meadows of Ohio (that's right, meadows; because if they hit a dam or a waterfall on their way up or downstream, they get out and walk).

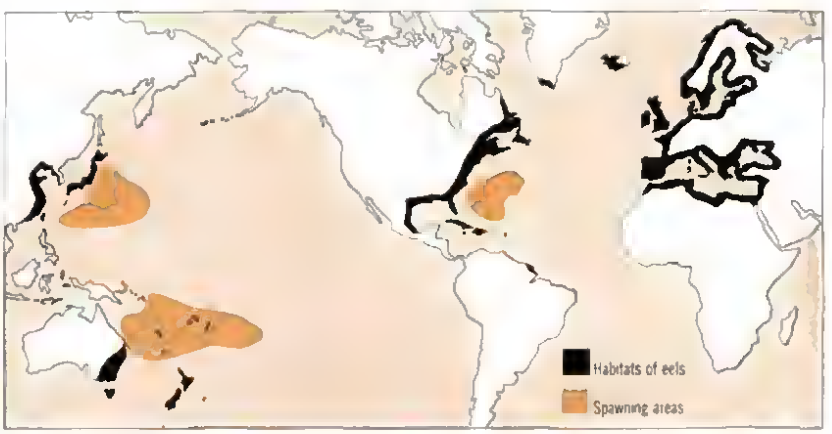
Despite this prevalence, the eel has for centuries been cloaked in mystery as black as ignorance itself. Aristotle pondered where eels might come from, but the secret was not out until a few decades ago. Even now, puzzles remain. The eel —the freshwater eel—has three great oceanic basins in which it spawns and out of which the young swim to land in all directions. Well known to us in this country and to Europeans is the Sargasso Sea, actually not a sea at all but a 2,000-mile-wide Atlantic float of seaweed calmly lying between the U.S. and the Azores and shared as a cradle by both the American and the European eel. Off the coast of Japan in west Pacific waters there is another ocean nursery for eels. The third is also in the Pacific, off northeastern Australia. In addition to these three major beds, there are minor Pacific and Indian Ocean beds for a hatful of species of tropical eels.

The tiny-headed eel larvae look like nothing so much as willow leaves made of glass, set with two mother-of-pearl eyes. They swim and they drift wide with the ocean currents that carry them like leaves loose in a giant whirlpool of air. The 103- to 110-vertebrae American eel larva swims northwest to reach U.S. shores after a year of effort. The 110- to 119-vertebrae, but smaller, European eel larva turns right at some invisible traffic signal and makes its way eastward to the waters of Europe, a journey taking three years and thousands of miles. At long last, myriad little three-inch glassine packages wash up into the tidewaters of both continents. By now many are becoming elvers, or tiny adults, and resemble the adults in miniature.

Here in the tidewaters some of the males lurk behind, often for good, and take up a lazy life around the salt basins and flats. But the more industrious young females swim upstream as close to the headwaters of their particular river or creek as they can get. Some say it was her mother's river or stream, or pond or well, that the elver finds again. Here she lives for some five to 20 years and grows to three or four feet, until it is time for her to return to the Sargasso Sea, presumably picking up the company of her dilatory mate-to-be as she travels out to the depths. Eels are driven to the seas by the same instinct that brought them inshore, and this time they find and follow the deep current running below and against the Gulf Stream.

Not all go. Just as some larvae apparently never choose to leave the sea and many males never get farther than the tidelands, some females never leave the freshwaters where they have reached maturity as yellow eels. Most, however, return for the last journey of their lives, turning as they go into silver eels marked by nearly black and somewhat bronzed backs and flanks and silvery-white bellies, and finally developing those strange, overlarge eyes that one associates with nocturnal creatures. The mother-eel-to-be, having reached her weedy ocean rendezvous, drops, sometimes as much as 1,600 feet, to the black, astonishing depths until she finds the temperature layer she likes. Her appetite, voracious closer to shore, disappears. She lays perhaps 5 to 10 million eggs. She takes no more food, becomes emaciated, swims listlessly about to no purpose and dies. The male, who never reached a size more than half of hers, drops his sperm and follows suit.

It took Johannes Schmidt, a patient Dane, 15 years to find out this much about the eel in the 20th century, though the fish has long been a staple of Euro-



The common eel is found in the eastern half of the U.S., and in the waters of Europe, Japan and Australia. It spawns and then dies in three enormous oceanic basins shown above. The best-known spawning ground, the Sargasso Sea, lying in the western Atlantic, is shared by the American and European eel. The other two major areas lie in the Pacific off Japanese and Australian coasts.

pean diets. A German naturalist who first described eel larvae thought he had found a new fish, though somebody later proved they were eels by metamorphosing one in a tank. Not only that but, in becoming elvers, the larvae shrink noticeably, to everyone's further confusion. These facts Schmidt had—precious few. He also knew that as far back as 1684 an Italian named Redi had suggested that freshwater eels spawn in the sea.

Schmidt got his information about the Sargasso by sleuthing down ever smaller and smaller eel larvae, until he knew he had come to their source. He learned about world eel populations by banding thousands of eels and tracking them all over the oceans.

Some things he never could explain. Although the normal Atlantic eel larvae have an average of 107 or 115 vertebrae and most larvae reach a length of two to three inches before metamorphosis, on his 1920 expedition the reliable Schmidt reported catching an eel larva in the Atlantic off Africa that had 450 vertebrae and was six feet long! Even allowing for the usual shrinkage, whatever would this creature have turned into? Other stories of such sea monsters have sprung up here and there, but their meaning, too, remains the eel's secret.

The eel has continued to figure larger than life size in folklore. In Madagascar, the local belief in transmigration of souls puts it at the bottom of the social ladder. Those in the lowest class, according to the tale, are reborn as eels. The next become boa constrictors, while the elite come back as crocodiles.

In many parts of the world eel meat is still believed to be poisonous. In the darkling corners of these, our own United States, some superstitious folk even swear that the ordinary, unassuming eel has a taste for human flesh.

This is absolutely unfair and untrue. It is apparently true that the moray, poetically named *Muraena helena*, prized today as a Mediterranean food fish and positively cherished as a delicacy in fun-loving ancient Rome, had the favor returned now and then when a slave or two would be thrown into the pools where the morays were kept.

Not that the ordinary eel does not have its accomplishments. It can lie torpid at the bottom of a damp mudhole for days, and when the rain comes to fill it, swim off as if nothing had happened. It can nearly starve and recover. Then there is its habit of leaving the water and

continued

NOW...SELECT THE RIDE YOU WANT FOR THE DRIVING YOU ACTUALLY DO

Gabriel Ajustomatics are the *only* shock absorbers engineered to provide a choice of ride control in *three* ranges:

Regular: for the motorist who does most of his driving over well kept streets and good roads

Firm: for greater stability under more severe driving conditions

Extra Firm: for maximum stability . . . for hard driving over rough roads . . . for better handling in tight turns

And remember! Gabriel Ajustomatics are more than just a comfort feature. They are an assurance of safety. Substandard or wornout shocks can cause dangerous swaying . . . loss of control . . . the kind of accident that can be so easily avoided. Avoid it this way—stop in at the orange-and-black sign of the Gabriel shock absorber specialist; ask about Gabriel Ajustomatics—and the 90-Day Trial Ride that goes with them.

Also: The remarkable new Gabriel Load Absorber, the foolproof answer to rear-end sag. Stop in today!

THE GABRIEL COMPANY
Cleveland 15, Ohio

Gabriel
SHOCK ABSORBERS

DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND... BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

the scotch
that tastes
the way
more people
want their scotch
to taste

DON'T BE VAGUE... ASK FOR

HAIG & HAIG

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

*A Maxfli mile is the maximum distance a golf ball can travel in a single drive. In other words, no ball goes farther than a Super Maxfli. Continuing tests prove this to be true. And no ball plays more accurately off every club, or rolls more surely to the cup on every putt. It stays whiter longer, too. Tee up a Super Maxfli and discover better golf.

Dunlop

Sold only by golf professionals

Dunlop . . . known 'round the world for quality in sporting goods and tires.

Slipperiest Fish *continued*

crawling about on land for a mile or so at a time in dampish places.

Further, the eel can survive injury or infection that would kill almost any other creature. The probable explanation for this may take you right back to witchcraft after all. the eel's blood contains a serum poisonous to nearly everything but eels. This is the tiniest of inconvenience to people, who will do no more than possibly get some of the stuff in a cut on their hands—which the serum will promptly but not seriously inflame. But it is no joke to a small laboratory animal, for an injection of eel serum into its veins will kill it. The serum contains a nerve poison that shuts off the heartbeat reflex; it also destroys body cells and red blood corpuscles and acts as an anticoagulant. Scientists think, in effect, that the eel has to be tougher than any of its enemies just to live with its own blood. The serum has no effect at all, however, when the meat is eaten.

One of the largest adult eels ever caught brought an old man triumph and tragedy. Only a few years ago, on a Dalmatian island where everyone still makes his living by fishing in the Adriatic, a patriarch was forcibly retired by his sons at 70. He consoled himself by going after a conger that was known to live in the reefs nearby. When the conger repeatedly grabbed the old man's bait, bent his hook and snapped his line, he had the blacksmith make him a special hook that he tied to a thin steel wire. So that the eel wouldn't sneak off with the new rig, he tied the other end around his ankle and sat and waited. Several days later in shallow water his sons found the pair, man and fish, both still leashed together, both dead. The old man's conger was 10 feet long and weighed 300 pounds.

Yet a woman who lives on a lonely Australian farm has made pets of the freshwater eels that live in the nearby Anatoki River. She feeds them blancmange, a slithery junket, and they readily take it from her fingers or, with teeth clicking noisily, from a spoon. One, she says, has come to feed regularly for 30 years.

Since they are not dainty eaters, eels are not hard to catch with hook and line. "A greedy fish," wrote Izaak Walton. In fact, it has been recorded that, if put in a tank together, eels nibble each

continued

It takes more than a stick shift to make a sports car.

Some people will tell you a compact car with stick shift, bucket seats and wire wheels is a sports car. Not so. A real sports car is unique from frame to fender. Like the Triumph TR-4.

Start up the TR-4 engine and drop her into low gear. Notice the short, sure throw. Take off, through the gears. Four forward speeds—all synchromesh.

Feel that big engine work. Triumph's tremendous torque takes you to 60 mph in 10½ seconds. You can top 110.

Head into a curve. The rack-and-pinion steering responds instantly... accurately ...right where you aim it. The wide track suspension and low center of gravity let you corner faster, flatter, safer than you ever thought possible.

Now hit those big disc brakes. No fade . . .no falter. You can't stop faster or straighter!

Now you know why the TR-4 took first in its class at the big one—Sebring. TR-4 beat every other car in the $3000 and under price range.

The Triumph three-car team was the only complete one to finish the twelve-hour race, most difficult sports-car endurance test in America.

Check the price. $2849* for the finest engineering Britain has to offer (and the most popular sports car in the U.S.A.). Try any of those "sporty" compacts... then drive the TR-4. You'll see the difference.

*Suggested ...Slightly higher ...Standard... ...N. Y. ...Toronto 10, Ont.

English Leather®

the gift set for HOME and TRAVEL ALL-PURPOSE LOTION in large crystal bottle paired with refillable travel flask
$5.00 plus tax
ALL-PURPOSE LOTION, individually,
$2.00 $3.50 $6.50 plus tax
MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

DISTILLED ENGLISH DRY GIN, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 94 PROOF IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y. ©McK&R, 1963

Before you say martini, say Lamplighter

Lamplighter Gin is the superior imported gin that makes your martinis glow. Next time, "light the lamp." IT'S BRITISH DRY!

Slipperiest Fish *continued*

other down to the last survivor. To be fair, it was not recorded whether they were fed anything else during this period.

As if the eel's reputation were not shady enough, the lamprey and the electric "eel" are also thought to be its kin, though neither is an eel at all. The lamprey, which reverses the eel's cycle by spawning in freshwater, where its vampire young have all but wiped out certain fish populations, including lake trout, is a primitive, jawless sucking fish, totally unrelated to the eel. One of the measures employed against these bloodsuckers has been to bring in the Atlantic eel to feed on lamprey larvae burrowed in the mud of freshwaters.

The electric eel, actually a relative of the catfish and the carp, lives in South American rivers, waiting to deliver up to 650 volts at one ampere to anybody who wades within 20 feet. This shock will stun a cow. When it is a cow that the eel has all but electrocuted, or something else too big to swallow, the prey is left to shift for itself. If it is only bite-size, however, the fish gulps it down.

Only a scientist or aquarium collector would be likely to seek out the electric eel or the lamprey, and only a few fishermen go after true eels with hook and line. Mostly they are taken by gigging. An eel gig is a trident with a handle perhaps 20 feet long. Some anglers gig at night by fastening a bow light to the boat, watching the muddy bottom ahead. Long Islanders take a leaf from the Eskimo's book. When you fly low over the Island's ponds and marshes in winter, the ice looks like Swiss cheese as busy eel fishermen are seen everywhere driving their forked spears through one round-cut hole or another to the mud beneath. They pull sledges filled with baskets of their catch after them. These are taken and sold in the local markets, quick-frozen or smoked.

Cleaning freshwater eels is probably less difficult than cleaning most fish. You simply cut the skin around the body just below the head and peel the skin down over itself. Once peeled and dressed, the fish can be slit down the back and the backbone stripped out. What you have left is a solid, boneless piece of succulent fish, tender as chicken breast and reminiscent of frog's legs. It needs only broiling with butter over a campfire to be delicious. Or more elaborate recipes like the two below can be followed.

BARBECUED EEL

1 large eel, unskinned
½ cup olive oil
¼ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon dried rosemary
2 crumbled bay leaves

MUSTARD SAUCE

½ cup mayonnaise, preferably homemade
1 teaspoon French mustard, Dijon type
½ teaspoon dry mustard

Cut the eel into slices about 3 inches thick. Place in a shallow dish and pour over it a mixture of oil, lemon juice, salt, pepper and herbs. Let it marinate for 1 hour, turning the slices occasionally. Thread the slices on skewers or a spit. Broil in a preheated broiler or on a charcoal grill about 4 inches from the heat, basting frequently with the marinade. Cook for about 10 minutes, or until tender when it is tested with a fork. The cooking time depends on the thickness of the eel.

To make the mustard sauce, combine the two kinds of mustard with the mayonnaise. Serves 6

EEL SOUP WITH MARIGOLDS

1 large eel, skinned
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups finely chopped green cabbage
1 leek, finely chopped
2 cups fresh peas
1 tablespoon flour
2 cups milk
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
6 tablespoons butter
Petals from 8 marigolds

Fasten head and tail of eel together with cord. Tie in a piece of cheesecloth and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat and simmer 25 to 30 minutes, until tender. Remove eel and set aside. To the liquid add salt, pepper, cabbage, leek and peas. Cover and cook over a moderate heat for 15 to 20 minutes. Make a smooth paste of flour and a little water. Add to the vegetable mixture and cook for about 5 minutes, stirring constantly, until slightly thickened. Gradually add the milk, parsley, butter, marigold petals and the cooked eel, cut into thin slices. Heat to the boiling point, but do not allow to boil. Serves 6 to 8.

AMERICA, ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, AFRICA, OR AROUND THE WORLD

Wherever you play
You will play better
with *Golf Pride*
Tractian Action Grips

GARY PLAYER, P.G.A. Champion, says:
"Golf Pride grips have helped me win championships in many parts of the World. The climates and weather varied greatly, but the traction and feel of the grips were always the same."

OTHER PROS JOINING GARY IN THIS TESTIMONY INCLUDE:

Ken Venturi	Bill Collins
Doug Ford	Chick Herbert
Mike Souchak	Kathy Cornelius
Joe Campbell	Barbara Romack
Bud Holscher	Murle Lindstrom
Tommy Bolt	Tony Lema
Bob Rosburg	Bruce Crampton
Wally Ulrich	Ted Kroll
George Knudson	Al Johnston
Jackie Cupit	Bo Wininger
Howie Johnson	John Barnum

Around the world, Golf Pride grips help golfers Drive Farther and Hit Straighter. Hot, cold, humid or dry, these rubber and cork grips give traction action, reduce tension, absorb shock, feel good!

FAWICK FLEXI-GRIP CO., Box 111-C, Akron 21, Ohio

Roomy Bel Air 6-Passenger Station Wagon (Top)

Luxurious Impala Sport Coupe (Below)

There may be something more comfortable and luxurious at the price, but it isn't a car!

You'll be more than pleasantly surprised at the fine car feeling of the Chevrolet. You'll revel in its cushioned, quiet ride and its spacious, superbly appointed Body by Fisher. You'll get a kick out of its choice of 7 different engines ranging up to 425 hp, including the popular Turbo-Fire 409* with 340 hp for smooth, responsive handling in city traffic. It's built to save you time and money, too, with self-adjusting brakes, Delcotron generator to extend battery life, and rocker panels that cleanse themselves of corrosive elements. And there's a variety of choice: low-priced Biscayne, handsome Bel Air or luxury Impala. (Impala Convertible and Sport Coupe offer bucket seats and distinctive "SS" identification in a Super Sport option*.) Other extras* include tachometer, 4-speed transmission and adjustable Comfortilt steering wheel. So why settle for a low-priced car that feels like one when its price buys the richness and response of a Jet-smooth Chevrolet? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

**Optional at extra cost.*

The make more people depend on

CHEVROLET

Photograph by Richard Jeffery

DESIGN FOR SPORT / *George O'Brien*

Shipshape in the beach house

Neither sun nor sand nor even mildew can mar the beauty or diminish the durability of new decorating materials designed for life by the sea

Boats and beach houses have common foes. Salt water, sun and high humidity combine to cause metals to corrode, fabrics to fade, rot or mildew, painted surfaces to weather and chip. Suppliers to yachtsmen have pioneered the development and perfection of materials that withstand the elements—and now the lessons learned by mariners are being applied with wondrous effect to make a house by the sea as easy to care for as a cabin cruiser. What's more, along with the sterling quality of utilitarianism, these new decorative fabrics and materials, most of them man-made, come in a vivid array of colors and patterns to go with today's beach-house architecture.

They were not always thus. The first synthetic fabrics made to withstand the sea's erosiveness were deliberately drab —the nylon tarpaulins used by the Navy in World War II. After the war, Sunday sailors picked them up in surplus stores and were delighted with their performance but not with their dreary appearance. Since then, nylon and all the household-word synthetics—Aerilan, Daeron, Orlon, vinyl and fiber glass—have been brightened up.

The search for excitement in synthetic textiles was launched by the automotive and boating industries. Looking for sturdy upholstery for car seats and boat cushions, they worked with Du Pont in developing a fabric that not only was long-wearing but also maintained its bright colors after much exposure to sunlight and dirt. Recently leading textile designers have discovered in the man-made fibers special properties beyond their functional merits—they come in bright, fadeproof colors and are as amenable to dye as they are resistant to dirt. There are many examples in the photograph at left. A pillow is covered in a new Antron-nylon upholstery fabric designed by Dorothy Liebes for Stroheim and Romann in "vibrating" colors of red, yellow and magenta. The acid-green roll of fabric is from the same hand. Another designer, Jack Lenor Larsen, has recently introduced a synthetic horsehair made of nylon. It comes in a 52-inch width (about three times the width of real horsehair), is cool, prickle-proof, water-resistant, and is available in such bright colors as the bolt of solid yellow. The blue bolt behind the yellow horsehair is Fiberglas Homespun sheer. It makes an excellent drapery fabric at the beach, for it not only is mildew-resistant, sunproof and fireproof but requires no ironing.

Sheer fabrics of 100% Dacron also make good beach-house draperies. Dacron resists fading and does not absorb water even in the most humid climate. The tropical-print fabric (by Cohama) draped in the center of the photograph, the two striped rolls beneath (the blue is by Knoll, the yellow, Cohama) and the red-and-pink-striped fabric in the foreground (Seneca) are all made of Dacron.

A new type of canvas, of Acrilan acrylic fiber, offers the highest degree of colorfastness ever available in awning material. Watertight and durable, it is easy to cut and sew and can be made into tents, awnings, hammocks, windbreaks, swimming pool covers and cabanas. It is represented by the bold blue-and-gray-striped fabric (Glen Raven) at the bottom of the photograph.

Of all the new boons to the summer housekeeper, no material is in such wide use as vinyl-coated fabric. It covers walls, furniture, floors—and even, as in Rudi Gernreich's yellow swimsuit in the picture, pretty girls. The yellow-and-white printed vinyl on the platform below the girl and the square of splashy red, yellow and magenta flowers are wall coverings that double as upholstery materials (both by Denst & Miles).

Perhaps the biggest reason for the new popularity of window shades is that nearly all of them now come with an invisible vinyl coating. It makes them washable, colorfast and, in many cases, flameproof and flame-resistant. Highly patterned shades decoratively eliminate the need for any other window treatment. The yellow Mexican animal print at the rear of the photograph adorns a vinyl-coated shade by Howard & Schaffer.

A new process of laminating fabrics in crystal-clear vinyl even makes them suitable as floor coverings or as a means of protecting, yet showing off, such materials as caning, true wood veneers and pebbles. In the photograph, vinyl seals a bandanna handkerchief (from a 5 & 10¢ store), some specially dyed pebbles in round disks, and a square of caning (all from Herbert Bright). Vinyl-laminated materials also work handsomely on walls and counter tops.

In most new beach houses there is as much window as there is wall. At night, unless the view is that of a harbor or town, these glass walls become big black holes. As an antidote, Architect Horace Gifford recommends one of the many new fishnet materials of nylon or blends of acetate and cotton, such as that alongside the pillow in the photograph (from Bloomcraft).

The elements are not the only things to plague a beach house—there usually are insects as well. Synthetic textiles are useful here, too, since they will not support the growth of keratin, the substance that forms on natural fibers and provides fodder for carpet beetles, silverfish and moths. And nylon screening, which comes in extra-wide rolls, discourages both mosquitos and corrosion with commendable efficiency.

A beach house decorated and defended with these new materials is a mother's delight, where even an army of children attacking the peanut butter jar is no menace. **END**

EASY-CARE SUMMER FABRICS ARE ATTRACTIVE AND VERSATILE ENOUGH TO COVER GIRLS, WINDOWS, FURNITURE OR FLOORS

The laughing Lion has finally begun to roar

After nearly two decades of comedy and chaos, a coach with no sense of humor has persuaded Columbia's oarsmen that rowing is much more fun when you finish first

Spring is usually a time of uncertainty as college crews move out over the nation's lakes and rivers. But for years and years rowing fans could count on one vernal phenomenon that was as sure as robins, crocuses and the equinox itself. This was the fact that on any given race day, a boatload of young men wearing the light blue of Columbia University would splash across the finish line dead last. During 17 years of utter futility, the Columbia crew managed to come in first in only 11 of 73 major races. "We do not expect too much trouble from the Columbia boat," was the kindest thing a rival coach could say about the Lions before a race.

While 10 other crews rowed for their very lives in the IRA regatta four years ago, Columbia paddled up Onondaga Lake with the dedication of spooners canoeing in the moonlight. The Columbia rowers finally drifted so far behind the others that the referees' motor launch had to swerve wide and pass them in order to stay in sight of the pack. Most observers on the shore snickered audibly, but a lean, rugged ex-marine named Carl Ullrich saw nothing funny in the fiasco. "Columbia was making a farce of the race," said Ullrich, who was then Cornell's freshman coach. "It made me sick." A year later, to the surprise and distress of most of his friends, Ullrich took on the job of making a serious play out of this comedy of errors as coach at Columbia.

For three years, under Ullrich's coaching, Columbia crews followed form by winning not a single major race. No one, therefore, was quite prepared for the storm that has swept down off the Harlem River this spring. The Lions are still far from being the best college crew in the land. They took a bad beating in the eastern sprints two weeks ago, and they are still a long way short of the class displayed by Cornell and the visiting Germans from Ratzeburg. But so far this season, coxswains from Navy, Princeton, Penn, MIT and Rollins College have all had a good look at the faces of Columbia's rowers for the first time in their memories as the Lion shell pulled happily ahead.

What has happened? "It's a question," says Ullrich's old boss, Cornell Coach Stork Sanford, "of Carl Ullrich. Ullrich can't very well go around saying Columbia is a winner because of himself, but that's exactly why it's winning. He brings brains and a sound technical knowledge to Columbia, and that's something they haven't had around that boathouse of theirs in quite a while."

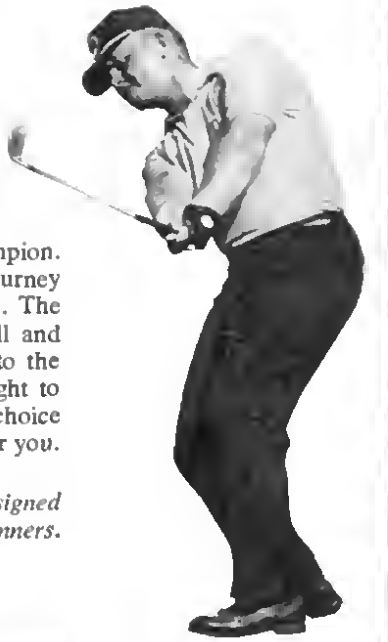
If Ullrich had followed his original inclination he never would have become the Columbia coach. "Don't take it," his friends beseeched him when Columbia offered him the job. "It's a coaches' graveyard." "Not one person advised me to go," says Ullrich, "and I was inclined to agree with them." As freshman coach at Cornell, he had, after all, a secure position from which each spring he could launch a flotilla of tall, broad-shouldered young men into the Cornell shells. Moreover, Ithaca was a good place to raise

continued

WHEN NOT RUNNING OR CHINNING THEMSELVES, LION CREWMEN WORK OUT ON THE RIVER UNDER ULLRICH'S EYE AND MEGAPHONE

For real hitting power —for pinpoint precision

Play the irons Jack Nicklaus plays



On the pro circuit, precision iron play is what it takes to make a champion. Jack Nicklaus,* like so many winning pros, plays MacGregor Tourney irons for a good reason: for hitting power and pinpoint accuracy. The Flame Ceramic Face—dramatic as it is durable—frames your ball and gives you ball control where ball control pays off. Engineered into the winged back of every Tourney Iron is precise distribution of weight to put your power right where it belongs. Only MacGregor offers a choice of four different shaft flexes so you can pick the one exactly right for you. See and swing these high-powered irons soon.

1963 MacGregor Tourney Irons . . . styled with distinction and designed by the leading craftsmen in golf to help you go the way of the winners.

MacGregor®

THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

BRUNSWICK SPORTS

CINCINNATI 32, OHIO

Sold by Golf Professionals only

Another fine product from *Brunswick*—World leader in recreation

*1963 Masters Champion
1962 U. S. Open Champion

How's this for endurance?

The famous marathon runner, Clarence H. De Mar, of Melrose, Mass., ran in the 25-mile Boston Marathon 29 times—at the last he was 61 years old.

And now...how's this?

To prove our contention that AP Mufflers are longer lasting, we had Detroit Testing Laboratories Inc. run a series of tests for ruggedness and corrosion resistance on AP and six leading competitive makes. AP came out on top in every test. Weight is an important factor in muffler endurance, for example, when greater weight is the result of heavier steels and more internal pipes. AP proved to be up to 27.7% heavier than the average of all competitive mufflers tested. So if you're looking for endurance in a muffler, you'll find it in AP. From coast to coast, 100,000 dealers sell AP. Look for the AP sign. Then replace with the longest-lasting muffler—AP.

AP LONGER-LASTING MUFFLERS
ARE SOLD BY MORE DEALERS THAN ANY OTHER BRAND

THE AP PARTS CORPORATION • 24 S AP BUILDING, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

five active children. "Besides," Ullrich adds, "I remembered that launch passing the Columbia boat."

But, having turned down the Columbia job, Ullrich began to resent compliments on his wise decision. "The more people told him what a wise fellow he was," says Sanford, "the moodier he became." "I was just gutless," is the way Ullrich puts it. So he told Columbia he would take the job after all.

A few weeks later, 12 smiling and plump young men, anticipating pleasant hours on the water, stood in the Columbia boathouse waiting to greet their new coach. "Good grief," Ullrich remembers thinking, "I knew things were bad but I wasn't quite prepared for this." Taking a firm grip on himself, he told his rowers things were going to be different. "I am not used to losing and I am not about to acquire the habit here," he said. The 12 aspiring oarsmen winked at each other knowingly. Crew had always been a pleasant and casual way to win a varsity letter and they were quite prepared for what they thought was the traditional coaching spiel.

It was a surprised group of flabby young men, then, who soon after found the side door of their boathouse blocked by a device they were told was an isometric-exercise bar. "What's more, you will use it," Ullrich told his varsity candidates. The crewmen not only used the bar and spent long earnest hours in the rowing tank, they startled fellow students by running pell-mell around the outdoor track in the dead of winter. "That wasn't the ordinary procedure," said one Columbia professor in a monument of campus understatement.

Despite this un-Columbia approach to rowing, the crew that made up Ullrich's varsity shell were still of the old school. "They were losers," Ullrich recalls grimly. That spring Columbia entered five races, lost them all and finished 12th in a field of 12 at the IRA regatta. "There was no change in the Columbia rowing picture," observed a former stroke. He was only partially right. The smiling, genial, hail-fellow coach of other years was no longer waiting at the dock after each race to offer comfort and consolation. The crew was greeted instead by a tight-lipped driver who treated each loss as a personal affront. "The atmosphere was not one of levity," recalls one crewman.

The following spring the new coach

informed all prospective rowing candidates that they were expected to "eat wisely, study hard—and row. Nothing else." Anyone who felt that such a Spartan regimen was too much to endure had better not report.

Columbia lost five more races, but there was a distinct difference in performance. "I was not displeased with our improvement," Ullrich admits, "but I was dismayed by alumni well-wishers who would swarm down over the dock after races to congratulate us on what they called 'a good show.' The alumni were trying to make us the toast of the town because we finished in second place," Ullrich said. "I wanted nothing to do with second and I didn't want the crew to have anything to do with it either."

In the IRA last year Columbia rowed well for two and a half miles, and finished—ninth. "I was extremely gratified," said their coach, "to see that the boys were *not* happy with the race."

Sunken Navy

Fortified with these encouraging signs of genuine dissatisfaction, Ullrich last fall let the Columbia oarsmen know that they were going to win a race and were going to pay a price for it. What he meant was that his vigorous training methods were going to be even more vigorous. "He won't have enough men to fill a boat," insisted some of the campus experts. But at registration time the dock nearly swamped under the weight of 30 husky young men reporting for the first fall practice.

Columbia's first big race was against once invincible Navy. "We were not," said Ullrich, "just thinking about giving them a good race. We were thinking about beating them." The race proved a chilling experience for Navy's oarsmen. The Lions tore across the choppy Severn River with the programmed precision of an IBM computer and crossed the finish line a length ahead of the Midshipmen.

Two weeks later, after demolishing MIT, the Lions were even prodding the world champions from Ratzeburg with their newly sharpened prow. At the finish of the Childs Cup regatta, they were only a flash behind the winning Ratzeburgers, and Columbia fans were ecstatic over the triumph. But neither Coach Ullrich nor the new breed of Columbia rowers shared the joy. "We don't like being beaten," said the Lion coach, "not even by the world champions." **END**

Why sleep like a soggy pretzel on hot summer nights?

Play it cool in Carter's Shorty Pajamas.

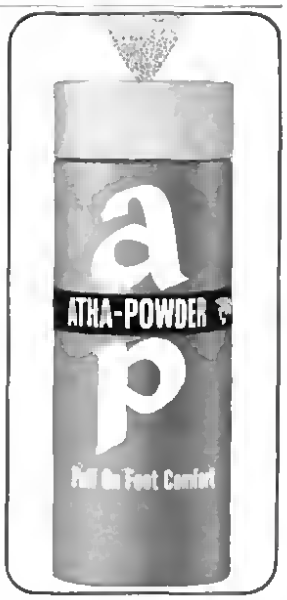
Just this one time, don't be a leader. Be a follower: of the umpteen thousand smart men who already take a little of the simmer out of summer with Carter's knee-length, short-sleeve pajamas. The knit cotton mesh practically does the breathing for you. It's soft. It's resilient. It's Carter's contribution to civilized man's fight against hot, muggy nights. And all you need to tame a whole summer is two pairs of Carter's Shorty Pajamas. (We just happen to make them in two smart prints.) Let's get together.

Carter's
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

CARTER'S SHORTY PAJAMAS $4.00 AT: COLUMBUS OHIO F & R LAZARUS • LOS ANGELES, BULLOCK'S DOWNTOWN

Be Safe!

DON'T PUT INFECTION BACK IN THE BOTTLE!



SPRAY away athlete's foot...PUFF on all-day comfort
use the EFFECTIVE foot-care pair!

Exclusive-formula push-button Atha-Spray speeds healing, stops itching and helps prevent spread or recurrence of infection. Atha-Powder dries, cools, soothes, banishes odor, assures all-day foot comfort. These spray and puff packages keep hands clean and free of infection, keep contents pure and at full strength! Atha-Spray $1.89, Atha-Powder 98¢ at drug stores only.

For 50-treatment Atha-Powder puff-pack and a physician's descriptive pamphlet on foot hygiene send just 25¢ to cover postage and handling. Write:
Dept. S-1, PO Box 1900, G.P.O., New York 1
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone_____ State_____

New Mallory Rechargeable Flashlight operates 10 years on the same battery

From space age electronics . . . a new concept in personal lighting. The flashlight with permanent batteries. Recharge overnight in any household electrical outlet and it's fresh and bright again!

At better stores everywhere. Mallory Battery Co., North Tarrytown, N.Y.

COMET VI in 2-tone finish: brown, blue or white $5.95

CONTINENTAL deluxe model in leatherette case with magnet $9.95

P. R. MALLORY & CO. Inc.

MALLORY

GOLF / *Henry Longhurst*

If only it had ended Friday

The British were dancing at the prospect of a Walker Cup victory, but a U.S. comeback on Saturday kept an old story from getting a new twist

To the British the Walker Cup has long been the Holy Grail of golf. Since the founding of this U S -British competition in 1922 the British have won the cup only once. In some of the matches it has never appeared in their sight In others, they have gotten only a glimpse of it. But in Turnberry on the Ayrshire coast of west Scotland last week they actually had it, only to have the Americans ruthlessly snatch it away once again The disappointment, from the British point of view, was more massive than ever, and I suspect a lot of Americans were secretly hoping the British would win too, just to enliven the competition

Not that those who watched the eight foursome matches and 16 singles matches in the two days of play at Turnberry felt the golf itself could have been any more interesting Some of the excitement resulted from a change in the format: for the first time the matches were played at 18 holes instead of 36, a length that gave them a fine, sudden-death quality lacking in the past. Some of the excitement was caused by the weather, which got terribly British. And lots of it was caused by the British golfers on Friday afternoon, when they got brilliantly able just as the weather got horribly bad. On Friday morning the British lost two foursome matches in which partners alternate hitting one ball, a form of golf rarely played in America. But that afternoon they ignored the high wind, which does not seem to upset American players, and intense cold, which does, and won six singles matches to go ahead 6–3 The elegant, aging hero of British golf, Dublin's Joe Carr, scored four straight birdies in one stretch as he ignored the gale and defeated Dick Sikes of the U.S. 7 and 5. Yet the best British amateur was Ronnie Shade. He was five under par when he ended his match with American Downing Gray on the 15th hole.

The British players' surprising lead was a feat they may never repeat, and the country made the most of it. "Victory" shrieked headlines in the popular press. "A sight of the promised land" stated the more cautious London *Times*.

Friday night at the Turnberry Hotel was a raucous babble of liquor and chatter. Black ties bloomed and champagne flowed as members of the British team and their wives twisted to the music of a small combo in the ballroom The only notable absentees were the Americans, not one of whom was present.

Changing times

I am a confirmed toucher of wood and noncounter of unhatched chickens and to me the rejoicing was ominously premature. These forebodings were all too swiftly justified. On Saturday morning the wind died down and the temperature went up Aided by some loose play on the part of the British, the U S won all four of the foursome matches. In the afternoon singles it soon became apparent that the rot had set in on the British team to stay. Only Shade, who was two under par after nine and beat Gray once again, played exceptional golf The Americans were steady. Amateur Champion Labron Harris putted excellently, and slim Charlie Coe, the most experienced U S Walker-Cupper, was not to be beaten

The British might have won back the Walker Cup had they displayed anything like their form of the day before, and certainly would have if they had handled Turnberry with the vigor they had shown in practice matches a month earlier But the general pattern took shape early. By the time the last match had passed the 6th hole the scoreboards showed the Americans up in six matches, down in one and all square in the other. Not much changed after that. The final score was 12–8 for the U.S. The British were left only with the fervent wish that this year, at least, the matches had ended on that glorious Friday evening **END**

Jack Kramer shows you*

The Wilson Power Secret

Why the Kramer Autograph—with Wilson's Strata-Bow power design—is used by more top tennis players than any other racket

The smashing, hard-driving play of today's tennis champions testifies to the influence of Jack Kramer, four-time world professional champion and unexcelled master of the Big Power Game.

Now Jack Kramer shares with you the secret that many of today's tennis champions hold in their hands—the Wilson power secret.

It's the secret of strength and power built into the Wilson Jack Kramer Autograph racket—the one racket used by more top amateur and professional players than any other racket in America.

The power secret of the Kramer Autograph is Wilson's exclusive Strata-Bow' construction—a bonded lamination of selected long ash and maple strips, reinforced with sturdy Speed-Flex fibre throat faces.

Strata-Bow provides the ideal playing design—more than tough enough to take the impact of a 112 mph overhead smash, durable enough to retain its shape and resist warping, strong enough to maintain the high string-tension required in today's power game.

Strata-Bow's perfectly balanced weight distribution gives you the control you need for accurate shot placement, provides a sure-handed "*feel*" that builds your confidence and helps you make the most of your natural ability.

Develop your own Big Power Game now with the Jack Kramer Autograph racket from Wilson—available at tennis professional shops and sporting goods stores everywhere.

**Member of the Wilson Tennis Advisory Staff.*

Exclusive Strata-Bow bonds together 13 different wood pieces into a single, resilient unit, reinforced to resist warping and splitting, and to neutralize the stresses and strains of hard, winning play. Keeps its shape and playability for life.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

BASEBALL / *Robert Creamer*

With mirrors, flat gloves and sawed-up bats

A Thomas Edison complex has led to fun, profit and coaching success for Florida State's Danny Litwhiler

Danny Litwhiler was a good major league ballplayer for more than a decade. Philadelphians may recall that he was the Phillie who fielded 1.000, the first major league outfielder ever to go through an entire season without making an error. Sportswriters remember him for a more special reason—after Litwhiler completed 10 years in the majors he gave a bottle of whisky to the sportswriters in each of the cities in which he played as a thank-you for the stories they had written about him. If the errorless season wasn't enough to make him unique among ballplayers, the whisky was.

A decade and more later, Litwhiler remains unique. A college graduate who taught school in the off season during his major league career, he was named head baseball coach at Florida State University in Tallahassee in 1955. In seven of his nine seasons, Florida State has made the NCAA district playoffs and twice has gone on to the college world series at Omaha. But success can be routine. What has brought Litwhiler the Coach to attention are his novel methods of teaching baseball.

Danny is a gadget man, an improver, an inventor. He is always fiddling with something to see if he can't make it work better, or wondering if he did this that way what would happen, and would it be good. If Litwhiler had lived a hundred years ago he would have invented the telephone, the telegraph and the Murphy bed. He has developed or adapted training aids and coaching techniques that include the flat glove, the miniature ball, the bongo board and the eye patch, not to mention bat-throwing and isometric pitching and bat-swinging exercises. He has devised a machine that smooths out and waters down an infield in less time than it takes a ground crew to do it (the Kansas City Athletics liked this gadget so much that they traded him an expensive major league infield tarpaulin for it). He sells a Tallahassee-made product that dries out wet baseballs and footballs in seconds and can put a rain-soaked infield in playing condition in less than an hour. He has written a text book on baseball (*Baseball Coach's Guide to Drills and Skills*—Prentice-Hall) and has prepared a glossary of baseball terms in four languages (English, Dutch, Italian and Spanish) for State Department use. He has run baseball clinics for the State Department in Europe and the Caribbean and this summer will spend six weeks in Central America on another such tour. He has a pretty wife, five handsome children and many friends. (A boys' baseball league in Tallahassee is called the Litwhiler League, much to his wife's amusement. "The Babe Ruth League and the Litwhiler League," she says. "Doesn't it sound wonderful?" Danny Litwhiler just grins.)

Visiting Litwhiler is like walking through a museum with its curator. Everything has a story, and everything becomes more fascinating as it is explained. Here is Danny's five-man batting cage. When he arrived at Florida State there was no batting cage at all, but a local men's club ran a benefit to raise money to build one. The result was a standard

UNBREAKABLE MIRROR reflects Danny Litwhiler (*right*) and star Florida State pitcher Al Beccacio, whose legs appear in foreground.

enclosed cage, long enough for a pitcher's mound at one end and a home plate at the other. But it bothered Danny's Pennsylvania Dutch soul because it seemed such a waste, all that space and only two players in it at a time. He divided the cage into five sections, put in five home plates and turned the batters so that they were hitting along the short axis of the cage instead of the long one. He put five pitcher's mounds outside the cage at the proper distance from the home plates and cut holes about the size of a strike zone in the side of the cage. Now five pitchers can throw through the holes to five batters simultaneously. The balls the batters hit are contained in the cage, except those they hit straight back through the holes. From Ty Cobb on down, batters have been told that the best way to sharpen their timing is to try to hit the ball back to the pitcher. Litwhiler's batters get their kicks when they hit through the holes and out of the cage. Thus, with no nagging from their coaches, they automatically try to do the proper thing—hit line drives up the middle.

Here is Danny's mirror, a startling thing to see on a baseball field. Litwhiler remembered that Ted Williams used to swing a bat in front of a hotel bedroom mirror to detect flaws in his swing. Pitchers cannot do the same thing because they cannot get a true idea of their pitching motion without actually throwing a ball. And you can't throw a ball at a mirror. Litwhiler remembered the TV commercial about the invisible shield that stopped baseballs and golf balls, and he remembered the glass window in the astronauts' space capsule which obviously had to withstand great pressure. He asked Pittsburgh Plate Glass if they could make what he had in mind. Hmmm, said PPG, and shortly Litwhiler had a piece of clear, hard glass six feet high, three feet wide and three quarters of an inch thick. A mirror manufacturer coated the glass to turn it into a mirror, and Danny added a felt-and-plywood backing, framed it and mounted it on a heavy iron stand. Then he threw a baseball at it. The ball bounced off as though it had hit concrete.

Baseballs have been bouncing off the mirror for two seasons now and it sparkles on, untroubled, unscratched, unmarred. Litwhiler uses the mirror to show his pitchers how they can telegraph a curve or a fast ball, how they can fall off balance as they deliver a pitch, how they can develop a rhythmic sameness to

continued

Be a Champ
with
White Stag–Speedo

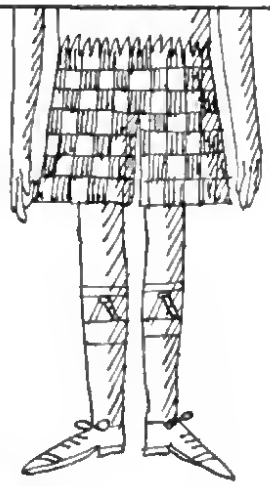
These little Olympians of tomorrow will win more hearts than races in their brilliant new orange White Stag-Speedo Racing Suits, the suit worn by 14 of 16 U S National Swimming Champions in 1963. Now the favorite swim suit of America's younger set, White Stag-Speedo is designed of sturdy feather-light 100% Nylon Tricot guaranteed not to shrink or fade. Your choice of Seventeen Colors Eleven solid and Six stripe combinations Fastest drying suit ever made —folds to pocket size—priced for your pocketbook. A must for all boys and girls, and now for Mother a swim suit of the same material yet Bra-Constructed and beautifully styled. Also Available in men's sizes.

White Stag–Speedo 7 N/W FRONT STREET, PORTLAND 9, OREGON

YOU'LL FIND WHITE STAG SPEEDO SWIMSUITS AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES

New York City — B Altman Co.
Orlando, Fla — Jordan Marsh Co
St Louis, Mo — Stix Baer & Fuller
Los Angeles, Cal — Bullocks Santa Ana
San Francisco, Cal — Roos/Atkins
Portland, Ore — Maier & Frank

Featured in your favorite stores throughout America and available in Canada from White Stag of Canada Ltd , Edmonton, Alberta



Should you give checked underwear to a father over 40?

Would you — would he — settle for plain white boxer shorts? Carter's knit boxers come in a rakish range of prints for the young in heart. Paisley. Medallion. Tattersall. Persian Squares. (Ah, the very names ring out with freedom for fathers of any age.) Carter's boxer shorts fit just fine. Sensibly trim, without caboosing in back. And utterly comfortable. (What? You insist on white? Well, O.K. Just be sure they're Carter's.) Best friend a well-dressed knit-picker ever had:

Carter's
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS

CARTER'S NEW KNIT BOXERS $1.75 AT BOSTON JORDAN MARSH CO. & BRANCHES • MINNEAPOLIS DAYTON

New 'Vapor-Action' Medication kills ATHLETE'S FOOT

Just spray on FEAT®. Amazing new FEAT—with its exclusive "Vapor-Action" medication—kills Athlete's Foot fungi even without direct contact! Its medicated vapors penetrate broken skin surfaces and kill hidden fungi as it relieves itch. Helps prevent reinfection from socks and shoes as no other Athlete's Foot medication can. Also in powder form. Long lasting—inexpensive. At all drug stores.

Copyright 1963 Colfax Laboratories (Div. of Shulton)

Does 12 year 'round yard jobs!

Ariens Emperor

It's a no-scalp Flex-N-Float 32" or 26" rotary Riding Mower—with many interchangeable tools to make GARD-N-YARD care fun. Easy! 6 h.p. engine 4 forward speeds, reverse. Built for long service.

Mail coupon for free literature or see your nearest Ariens dealer for free demonstration

ARIENS CO., Since 1932,
229 Calumet St., Brillion, Wis.
Send EMPEROR details advertised in Sports Illustrated.
Name
Address
Post Office
County State

■ YOUR UNDERSTANDING can help someone mentally ill

We all know someone who is habitually quarrelsome, irritable, hard-to-get-along with. Often these people are emotionally ill. Your understanding can help them. They need your friendship, not your antagonism. Learn more about this problem of mental illness. Send for this *free* booklet. Write to:

BETTER MENTAL HEALTH
Box 2500, New York 1, N. Y.

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council.

their pitching motion. He turns them sideways and has them practice pick-off moves to the bases. The pitchers see themselves as the batter or base runner sees them, and they begin to understand what they are doing and why.

Here is Danny's bunting bat, a regular bat that is sliced in half lengthwise, except for the handle, for use in bunting practice. An ellipse cut out of the bottom between the handle and what remains of the hitting surface reminds the batter to keep his hands away from the business end of the bat when he bunts. The half-watermelon hitting surface makes the batter lift the bat and bunt down at the ball, which is the proper way to do it. (If you bunt with the top half of a regular bat you pop up. If you bunt with the front surface the bunt rebounds too quickly to the infield and invites a double play.)

Litwhiler is always asking, always learning. This spring he went down to the training camps and asked Luke Appling, a recognized genius at hitting to the opposite field, how he did it. "Easy," Appling said. "You stand against a fence and swing." Appling stood no more than a foot or so from the side of a batting cage, facing it, and swung his bat hard. His hands had to stay close to his chest as he swung so that the bat would not hit the cage. When he tried it away from the cage his hands stayed close to his chest and his wrists did not break in the swing of the bat until they were in front of his body. Litwhiler tried it when he got back to Florida State and then took batting practice with his players. "I hit the ball on a line over the scoreboard in right field," Danny says. "I never in my life hit a ball like that to right, not even in the majors." Now the Appling Technique for Opposite Field Hitting is a part of the Litwhiler coaching method.

With his intelligence, his years of working with young players, his extraordinary knowledge of baseball, his major league experience, his humor, his stories, his sense of public relations, Litwhiler would be an ideal manager for a major league team. He was asked what he would do if he were offered such a job. "Oh, I wouldn't want to leave here," he said. "I like this college atmosphere. It's a good way to live." He smiled. "Of course, I could ask the president of the university for a leave of absence, to get my doctorate in baseball. Then I could come back here after I got fired." END

The safest distance between two points

We would like to call your attention to a few tire facts—and in so doing convince you that to get from here to there and back safely and surely a set of Blue Ribbons by Dayton is a sound idea. ■ Did you ever drive a car for 500 miles at speeds over 100 m.p.h.—with 100 miles of this at speeds over 115 m.p.h.? Blue Ribbon test drivers have with spectacular tire safety results. ■ Did you ever measure the depth of a tire tread? Or count the gripping edges? Or actually compare tread widths? You'll be surprised at the bonus Blue Ribbons by Dayton offer. ■ Safety in a tire can he a mighty reassuring thing. When you're determined to buy the very best count Blue Ribbons in. See your nearby Dayton dealer for the Blue Ribbon story.

THE DAYTON TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, DAYTON 1, OHIO

Blue Ribbon

Dayton Tires

Dayton passenger car, truck, farm tractor/implement tires & tubes

He didn't insure his car through an independent agent

He bought what he thought was enough insurance. But he had nobody to tell him how much was enough. And he was sued for many thousand dollars more than his coverage.

Can this happen to you? Nobody can prevent your being sued, but your independent agent can help you prevent being financially ruined by a damage suit. An independent agent knows the amounts which judges and juries often award these days. Because he represents several companies, an independent agent is free to analyze your needs and select the right insurance for you, in the right amounts.

An independent insurance agent takes the big worries out of insurance. So look for this seal when you insure your car, home or business. Only an independent agent can display it.

YOUR Independent Insurance AGENT "SERVES YOU FIRST"

MAN OF SPIRIT

continued from page 29

worried about, I was a bit surprised by Weisiger, but Beatty was always the man to beat. I saw I had him covered and I knew then I had won the race. It was a big race for me. There had been so much attention focused on it. And I have quite a bit of national pride, you know. It set me up a bit when they played the New Zealand national anthem before the race."

"If Peter wants to train," Lydiard had said just before the race, "I believe he can do a 3.48. I really mean it."

Very likely Peter can. But the pleasant thing about Peter is that he trains or not as he very well pleases. He runs against the man, the national anthem arouses him and he is proud. There is a good deal to be said for the way Peter Snell runs a race.

At Modesto there were, besides the wonderful mile, three world records. Had they been set on any other occasion than when Snell and Beatty reached a reckoning, they might have been the whole story. As it was, two of them were stories in frustration and inept officiating. The first record was set in the broad jump by a University of Washington sophomore named Phil Shinnick. Before he came to Modesto his best jump had been 25 feet 5. On his first attempt he leaped 26 feet 10, but fouled. On his second jump he cleared 27 feet 4 inches for a new world record, but it is a world record which will never be allowed. Why not? Because two officials, whose only duty is to watch a wind gauge to make sure the wind is blowing at less than the limit set for national and world records, were not paying attention to their job.

"I only watch when a jumper I think can break the record is jumping," explained one official.

Much later, another University of Washington sophomore, Brian Sternberg, broke his own record in the pole vault, climbing over the crossbar at 16 feet 7 inches. He cleared the height honestly and well. But the crossbar was illegal for a simple reason: it was too long, according to the International Amateur Athletic Federation's standards, a fact any track official should have known.

Oregon State's two-mile-relay record —7:18.9—probably will be recognized, though that seems almost too much to hope for. Maybe Snell was lucky he did not run faster. Had he broken his record, it might not have counted. **END**

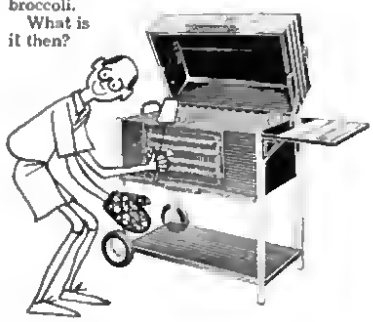
What makes Mr. Marmaduke the idol of the crowd?

Certainly not his looks.

His athletic prowess reached its zenith when he spotted a ruby-throated sapsucker in '52.

Personality? Something like strained broccoli.

What is it then?



Char-Broil.

Marmaduke Char Broils and broils and barbecues and smokes and shish-ka-bobs up a storm. His fantastic food has won him fans from his in-laws in California to his neighbors across the street.

He is their idol.

Think what will happen if you're handsome, athletic and charming, too.

The Char-Broil Covered Portable Pit has been hailed as the finest development in cast iron and oak since cooking became an art. If you don't agree it makes everything devastatingly delicious, your taste buds are blunted. Write for the dealer nearest you. This you've got to see.

We'll also send you our Char-Broil cookbook, each of which costs us a dime.

Dept. SP

Columbus Iron Works Co.

Columbus, Georgia.

Rich, moist, aromatic **BOND STREET** stays lit

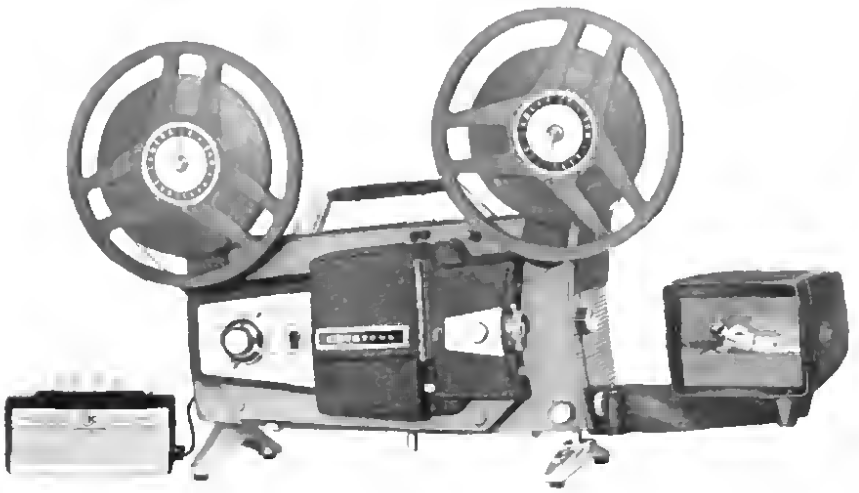
The deck is stacked in your favor when you follow Charles Goren's lead—regularly, in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

How To Stop Athlete's Foot Itch

INSTANT RELIEF!

At first sign of itching, cracking, peeling between toes, apply Dr. Scholl's Solvex for fast relief! Amazing medication works three ways: **1.** Instantly stops the intense itching. **2.** Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact; **3.** Promotes rapid healing! Ointment—Liquid, Powder or Push-button Spray.

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX



MEET THE STAR...OF HOME MOVIES!

It's the Keystone fully automatic projector with exclusive "Private Eye"

Imagine watching home movies in broad daylight, without even setting up your screen. Now Keystone makes it possible ..with the exclusive "Private Eye" Projector Viewer. That's just one of the big league features of this projector.

Want more? Here's what Ralph Kiner has to say. "Next to my son Scott, my Keystone is the greatest showman in the family. You can't beat its brilliant, life-like picture. Or the way it loads and threads itself reel-to-reel in seconds. When it comes to sharpening up a kid's batting or base running", continues the 7-time National League Home Run Champ, "Keystone makes the perfect coach. Feel like relaxing? You can run the whole show right from your easy chair with 'Magic Touch' Remote Control. Take it from me, Keystone is an all star performer... all ways".

See the Keystone K-104AR in action at your camera dealer. Other Keystone automatic projectors start at under $80.

Great movies begin with a Keystone Electric Drive Camera, starting at under $130. Leaders in home movies since 1919.

KEYSTONE

KEYSTONE CAMERA CO., INC. BOSTON, MASS.

KILLER!

(OF FLIES AND MOSQUITOES, THAT IS)

There are over 275,000 insects in every beck yerd . . . walking, flying, leaping, swimming, boring. They're buzzing, crawling, stinging, biting, eating your berbecued hemburger, drowning in your iced tea, taking the fun out of outdoor living.

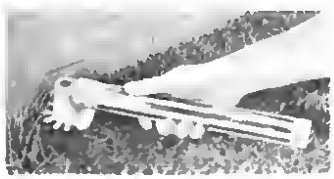
And you?

Well, you cen swat, awear, suffer . . . hide indoors

Or . . . uae e BVI INSECT FOGGER. Takes but a minute— your outdoor living eree remeina bug-free for houra.

Just fill the conteiner of the BVI INSECT FOGGER with ordinery oil-based insecticide. When you pull the trigger, a built-in electric pump forces Inaecticide through the atomizing nozzle into a heeted fog-producing chember. The heet veporizes the insecticide end e thick fog surges from the end of the barrel. As the fog apreads through the air and rolls over the ground, it kills insects on contact! You cen occupy the fogged arees immedlately, but the insect-killing effect leats for many hours. The barrel is easily detachable, converting unit into an effective spreyer for applying water base garden sprays, weed killers end similar liquids. Just $34.95* wherever garden products are sold.

Makes Outdoor Living Fun again!



BVI CORDLESS ELECTRIC GRASS CLIPPER
Ends blister-raising, tinger-cramping clipping with hend shears. Operates on standard tlashlight betteries. $9 95*

BVI ALL-PURPOSE ELECTRIC SPRAYER
Built-in motor. Just plug in—pull the trigger to apray paint, varnish, moth-proofers, garden sprays, weed-killers. $13.95*

*Suggested retail price. If your favorite dealer doesn't yet have these BVI products in stock, send check or money order to Dept. SI. Surgess Vibrocrafters, Inc., Grayslake, Ill., for prompt postpaid delivery.

MORAL FORCE

continued from page 31

African state said to me, "but we can hope to produce some athletes as good as the best of yours. So please send us coaches." Nor is it any accident that the Soviets have placed enormous emphasis on Olympic teams, or that Cuba sent a large delegation to the Pan American Games. They realize, as do we, that sport is vital in building national pride and spirit. Through it the smallest and weakest of nations can compete with the great powers, and through the exploits of their athletes achieve a sense of dignity and achievement otherwise denied. By helping to build up athletics we are helping to build nations; to create, on a national scale, that inner strength and confidence which will permit young and developing nations to maintain their freedom.

Praise from Phitsanulok

The value of athletics as a catalyst for community pride can be seen almost daily in the role of the Peace Corps. In India a young volunteer stimulated one of the first successful fund-raising campaigns in the history of the local community. His purpose? To rehabilitate a swimming pool which will be used to develop a local team. In Thailand the Peace Corps organized a softball and basketball tournament in order to raise money from local citizens for a Phitsanulok province physical education foundation. The achievement, the governor of Phitsanulok wrote to the American Ambassador, "has been greatly admired by the Phitsanulok people and me . . . for it is helpful in fostering good relations between the Thai and American people, as well as in improving physical education."

Sports and the teaching of sports also offer an unexampled method of creating understanding among people of different nations and cultures. When we compete in local soccer games, writes a volunteer from Pakistan, "everyone goes out of his way for us. We are often treated like heroes and are treated the same as their own players."

Unlike many academic subjects, sports lack ideological and propaganda content. They are least vulnerable to charges of "neocolonialism" and "cultural imperialism." On the playing field suspicions and misunderstandings quickly disappear. For sport is truly an international language, and through it we reach

the minds and hearts of our fellow members of the world community.

On a different level our physical education instructors are attacking the urgent problems of public health and poor nutrition. Organized recreation is a principal instrument in assisting nations to develop the healthy bodies which are vital if their citizens are to carry forward the task of economic and social development. Modern nations cannot be built by the weak and underfed. President Kennedy has recognized this in our own country. And in lands where much has to be done quickly, through physical education we can make a basic contribution to a "felt need" of emerging nations.

Perhaps most important of all, organized athletics can help to build a sense of group effort and individual self-sacrifice which is a vital ingredient in nation-building. For, just as sport offers opportunities for individual self-expression, it teaches that the individual must often submerge his own desires and ambitions in the aspirations of the group.

All of these factors—national pride, community spirit, individual expression and individual sacrifice, a sound body and a sense of fair play—are important components of that elusive concept, human character. And just as we realize that the strength of our nation rests ultimately on the character of our citizens, others look to athletics as an important source of those qualities which will strengthen and develop their own lands. By giving young Americans a chance to help in their effort, on the village and local level as well as the national, through cooperation and teaching as well as through competition, we are opening a vast new dimension for the moral values which lie behind our own devotion to athletics.

Our athletes are not only helping others, they are reaffirming for themselves the moral content of sports. And when they return, they will bring with them an experience and influence which cannot help but elevate our own approach to sport.

It is on the playing fields of Africa and Asia and Latin America that, in some measure, the battle for a free and peaceful community of nations will be won. The moral force and dedication of our overseas volunteers represent qualities shared by the great majority of American athletes—qualities which will be with us long after today's unhappy scandals have faded from memory. **END**

PLAYS LIVELIER! STAYS LIVELIER! LOWER IN COST!

ASHAWAY
FAST PLAYING
BRAIDED RACKET
STRING

ASHAWAY VANTAGE
For Tournament Play
Approx. Stringing Cost
Tennis.....$9

ASHAWAY PRO-FECTED
For Club Play
Approx. Stringing Cost
Tennis.....$7
Badminton.....$6

ASHAWAY MULTI-PLY
For Regular Play
Approx. Stringing Cost
Tennis.....$5
Badminton.....$4

ASHAWAY PUTS A BETTER GAME IN YOUR FRAME!

More will LIVE
the more you GIVE
HEART FUND

Get to the Root of Athlete's Foot

RINGWORM, OTHER FUNGUS INFECTIONS

with NP-27®

Doctors in two leading clinics proved NP-27 clears up athlete's foot, ringworm and other fungus infections, often in as little as 7 days!

NP-27 Liquid and NP-27 Cream contain Tergitol Penetrant, the penetrating ingredient to penetrate deep, under skin surface, and root out fungus—the *cause* of athlete's foot. NP-27 works where many remedies cannot reach. Stops itch fast, relieves pain, promotes healthy tissue. New NP-27 Cream helps heal and soften dried, peeling skin, helps stop athlete's foot from spreading. NP-27 Medicated Powder soothes chafing soreness, guards against new infections, helps *keep* feet healthy!

Get NP-27 Liquid . . . Cream . . . Powder. Effective relief guaranteed—or druggist will refund your money.

JUNE 15—QUEEN'S PLATE!

They're off and running in Canada's most spectacular sports classic . . . the oldest continuously run stake race in North America. Canada's finest thoroughbreds provide the thrills amid all the pomp and pageantry of century-old traditions. Make a date now to be at Ontario's famous Woodbine Racetrack for the 104th running of the Queen's Plate on June 15.

ONTARIO
CANADA'S VARIETY VACATIONLAND

Province of Ontario Dept. of Travel and Publicity, Parliament Buildings, Room 19, Toronto 2, Canada
Send me complete information on a relaxing holiday in Ontario.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____

Hope: All Kinds of a Nut About Sports

by JACK OLSEN

To the part owner of the Cleveland Indians athletes are heroes. Behind his rapid-fire gags and clowning is a deep, lifelong devotion to sports

Arnold Palmer breaks up at a Bob Hope joke during rehearsal for their recent television appearance. Hope once had 11 athletes as his guests on a single show.

continued

You remember Ike," says Bob Hope in one of his most famous quips. "He was the pro at the White House." He refers to Dean Martin as "the pro from Smirnoff's." Hope does not characterize himself, but if he did it might be as "the pro from everywhere." In an entertainment world given to hyperbole Hope (*see cover*) stands supremely alone as the wildest-eyed, most unreformed and unreconstructed sports nut in the history of show business. He is the kind of sports nut who will interrupt a visit to New Orleans to fly to Cincinnati to play a round of golf with some cronies. He has been a fighter, a sprinter, a pool hustler, a four-handicap golfer, a professional football team's mascot and a holder of substantial shares of stock in enterprises such as the Los Angeles Rams and the Cleveland Indians. He seldom misses a big fight, even if he has to rush over to the Pantages Theater in Hollywood to see it on theater TV. He has played something between 1,000 and 1,500 golf courses, in such varied places as Brazil and Greenland, in company with anteaters, monkeys and, sometimes, Presidents. Occasionally he drops in on his wife and children in North Hollywood, where he is most often to be found on his own 190-yard one-hole golf course, or at the pool table working out double banks with a kiss, or whipping the neighborhood sharpies at table tennis. Along the way he has managed to raise more money for near-bankrupt golf courses, Olympic committees, war relief, medical charities and down-and-out old friends than any other six celebrities, a fact that he will break a leg rather than discuss. A Hope appearance on a golf course is a sure guarantee of a full house for whatever charity is involved, and the crowds will ignore the likes of Arnold Palmer, Jimmy Demaret and Sam Snead merely to overhear Hope say:

"I wear Arnold Palmer shoes, Arnold Palmer pants and Arnold Palmer shirts, but I play golf like Betsy Palmer."

"I'll need three caddies, please. One to carry the bag and two to carry me."

"Let's see now. It's about 150 yards to the hole. Caddie, would you remove the pin, please?"

For a widely traveled multimillionaire, Hope maintains an astonishing reverence for athletes. "I've always liked to rub elbows with sports figures," he once said. "They've always been heroes to me." Accordingly, he puts them on his TV shows at the slightest excuse. The high point of his comedy-*cum*-sports life came when he rubbed 11 famous pairs of sports elbows on a single show. Surrounded by Wilt Chamberlain, Pancho Gonzalez, Dick Groat, Rafer Johnson, Joe Bellino, Jerry Lucas, Roger Maris, Barry MacKay, Arnold Palmer, Floyd Patterson and Norm Van Brocklin, Hope was as close to speechless as he will ever be. But Jayne Mansfield wasn't. She asked Wilt the Stilt, "How many baskets did you weave last year?"

Said Wilt: "You don't weave baskets in a game. You throw them."

"Well," said the professionally dumb blonde, "how many games did you throw?"

On another occasion Hope found himself exchanging network banter with Fred Haney, Lou Burdette, Duke Snider and Willie Mays. "Fred," he said to Haney, "you haven't always been in baseball, have you?"

"What do you mean?" asked Haney.

"Well, weren't you with the Pittsburgh Pirates for a couple of years?"

(That was a while back. Hope has updated the joke as follows: "I like the Mets. But I like baseball, too.")

Hope asked Mays how he liked San Francisco. "The first time the fog lifts I'll let you know," said Willie.

Said Hope: "The last time I saw a game up there it was called on account of clear."

Then he turned to the Duke: "You look in great shape, Duke. How's the knee?"

"I can't kick."

"You belong with the Rams."

Hope's own adventures with the Los Angeles Rams have been extensive. Once he shared ownership of 10% of the team, unloading the stock when his group sold out to another. "I like the Rams," he said. "They taught me a lesson my wallet will never forget. They'll do better next year. They're going to put a handle on the ball." Outlandishly attired, Hope once served as honorary kicker to open a 49ers-Bears game in San Francisco. "I got off a beaut," he recalls. "Eleven yards on the fly. Then I saw all those Bears and I jumped into Frankie Albert's arms."

He has been in and out of the Cleveland Indians' ownership twice. He bought a big slice of the team when Bill Veeck bought in, sold out when Veeck sold out. Recently he bought a small share of the team—"for sentimental reasons, I'm from Cleveland, you know"—and now finds himself a member of the board of directors. He predicts that the Indians will end in the first division this year, thus proving that he abounds in fidelity. "Sure, they're off to a bad start," he admits. "But last year they were in first place by July first and then they took a nose dive. This year they're gonna reverse that." He has his own formula for ending the Yankees' dynasty. "All they have to do is bench Mantle, Maris and Howard and introduce their pitchers to Bo Belinsky," he explains. "Then the Indians would have a chance."

Hope's career in baseball, unlike his career in golf, has taken place mostly in the grandstands, although he and Gary Cooper played in an annual charity baseball game in Los Angeles for years. Hope would arrive in a Brink's truck, walk out on a red carpet and make a grand entrance while a valet sprayed him, brushed him off and administered to his tonsils. Hope would take phone calls on the field, dictate messages and undergo massages, and collect in the neighborhood of $20,000 for the Hollywood Youth Welfare Fund. His fascination with baseball started in Cleveland when he and his boyhood pals used to attend Indians' games, "every once in a while even paying our way in." When an eagle-eyed gatekeeper would catch them, Hope and his buddies would repair to the traditional knothole (in the old days, a ball park without a knothole was considered bush) and stare enraptured at the backsides of Tris Speaker and Napoleon Lajoie. When Hope brags, which is seldom, it is something along the lines of,

"I guess I was the Grey Eagle's biggest fan. I got to know him pretty well, you know," or, "I know Joe DiMaggio. He comes from San Francisco. That's a city bounded on three sides by DiMaggios." He is even proud of the time he was mistaken for Trainer Gus Mauch by a paltry 31 million people. Mauch, then with the Yanks, now with the Mets, was appearing on *To Tell the Truth* at the same time that Hope was doing the opening monologue on his own TV show. The signals got mixed, with the audio from *To Tell the Truth* accompanying the video from the Hope show. Hope was actually saying, "Richard Nixon lives here in Whittier, Calif., and he's so sure he's going to be President that they're building the log cabin he was born in." But the TV audience merely saw his lips moving and heard him say three times, "My name is Gus Mauch." It was confusing, though not altogether unpleasant for Hope the baseball nut.

Although he hasn't played much baseball, Hope was once an inveterate bettor on the game, usually on the wrong side. In fact, one of the longest nonstop hustles on record began with a baseball bet between Hope and his friendly archenemy, Jackie ("I am the Greatest") Gleason. Here is a slightly censored version of the affair as rendered by Hope on a recent all-night transcontinental flight while everybody else on the plane was trying to sleep.

"It all started at Toots Shor's," Hope began, the nostalgia glazing his eyeballs. "For years Gleason used to come up to me and he'd say (you know how he talks), 'Oh, if I ever get you out on the golf course, man, you're mine!'

"I'd say, 'Listen, if you ever get a little money together, check me, Daddy.'

"This went on for about 10 years, and then came that 1954 World Series with Cleveland and the Giants—the one the Giants won four straight? We started betting on the first game—we're betting for drinks, you know. What else are you gonna bet Gleason? And pretty soon I'm way behind and I'm saying, 'Hey, Fatso, double the bet, huh?'

"So at the end of the fourth game I owed him a distillery. And then I'm his pigeon. So he keeps trying to get me to come up to his place so he can hustle me some more. I'd get phone calls from him whenever I was in New York. He tried everything to get me up there. One time I remember he called and said, 'You've got to come up. I've got a nude guitar player here to entertain us.'

"The next thing I know I'm out on the Coast and he calls me and he says, 'This is John Benny. Where you at, Sourball?'

"I say, 'Where are you? You must be out in public somewhere.'

"He says, 'I'm at the Brown Duhhhby, Sourball, and tonight Sugar Ray fights the onion picker, and you got the onion picker.'

"I say, 'Basilio is 2 to 1,' and he says, 'You got the odds.' So I bet him an amount of money and I rush over to the Pantages to see the fight. I'm up in the balcony and Robinson murders Basilio, and at the end of the 15 rounds I get up and I say to myself, 'Well, I lost it.' Then I hear this voice say, 'Judge So-and-so says 9-5-1 for Basilio, Judge So-and-so says. . . .' And I froze and I said somebody's getting robbed here and it isn't me.

"So Carmen gets the decision and now I'm looking for Gleason. The next day he calls me up and he says, 'Say, where you at?'

"I say, 'What d'ya mean, where am I at? I'm right here waiting for the money.'

"He says, 'Never mind that, what time can we get to the first tee?' He brings me the money wrapped in a handkerchief with a little piece of wood in it, and then we go to play golf.

"We get to the tee and we decide on an amount and he says, 'I want nine shots handicap.'

"I say, 'Where's that guy that used to sit around at Toots Shor's and hand out all that baloney?' I say, 'I don't give my grandmother nine shots.'

"He says, 'I can't play like your grandmother.'

"On the first hole he took a 7. On the second hole he hit two woods on the green and knocked a putt in for a birdie. I said, 'You dirty fat so-and-so! You fly all the way out here just to embarrass me.' He's dancing around hollering, 'I love it! I love it!' and he's singing *Happiness Is Jes' a Thing Called Joe.*

"After that he never made a par.

"Then he finds out I've got a pool table and so we go back to my house and I take him at that, too. But after all this, would you believe it? I'm still behind from that World Series. If you ever see me doing a guest shot on his show, you'll know why."

continued

Sometime pool hustler Hope shoots game with daughter Nora and son Kelly.

The rules of fair reporting require that both parties to a dispute be given a chance to speak. Herewith Gleason on the subject of the pool game:

"It is well known throughout the world that I could beat Hope playing pool using a broom handle with a buttered tip while suffering a severe asthma attack and a third-degree migraine headache. If Mr. Hope dares to deny this, ask him to hock everything, including his underwear, and put all of his money in one big pile, and I will play him left-handed while doing the twist."

The historian's lot is a difficult one. Each deponent budgeth not from his story, and Hope even insists that his pool game has caused him to become known as "Burbank Fats." It *is* documented that Hope the child shot a hot stick around the Alhambra poolroom at 105th and Euclid in Cleveland, and his brother Ivor once remarked that Bob toddled into the house one day with $85, which his mother insisted he return because it was "tainted." Hope, ever the modest one, maintains that Ivor exaggerated the story by a multiple of about 40. Once during World War II Hope walked into the recreation room of the Philadelphia Naval Hospital, picked up a cue and ran nine balls before scratching on the 10th. "The table slopes," he announced and stalked out.

The Cleveland of Hope's youth, circa 1918, abounded in pool hustlers, but Hope and his friend Whitey Jennings were certainly the only footrace hustlers in the city, perhaps in any city. Cleveland used to have big Sunday picnics, and the main event was always the 100-yard dash. First prize was usually a $15 purchase order, and place money was $10. Hope and Jennings were not especially fast, but they were hungry, and their guile has seldom been exceeded in the annals of criminology. Says Hope. "Get the picture now. Maybe there'd be a Greek picnic at Luna Park and another picnic at Euclid Beach, which was the other end of the city, maybe a 40-minute ride on the streetcar. So we wanted to finish one-two in both races, see, but they'd be scheduled to go off at the same time. So we'd call up American Steel and Wire, see—they'd be running the picnic at Euclid Beach—and we'd ask for the man in charge, and we'd tell him we're the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and what time are the footraces going off?

"He'd say, 'Oh, about 2:30,' and we'd say, 'Oh, 2:30, huh? Well, that's a shame. We wanted to send a photographer out to take a picture of you and the race, but we couldn't make it that early. We're covering another event, but if you could make it 3:45 we'd be there.' And he'd always say, 'Oh, that's O.K., we'll eat first.'

"So then we'd go out to Luna Park and make our fare by singing and dancing on the streetcar. We'd go up to the starter, see, and we'd say, 'Do you start the race with one, two, three or do you say on your mark, get set, go?' And he'd say, 'I say on your mark, get set, go.' So now we know this, see, and we'd be off on 'set.' I mean, it wasn't the Olympic Games, you know. They wouldn't restart the race just for that. So we'd have five yards on the field and Charlie Paddock didn't have a chance, you know? We had our shoes off, our toenails grown long to dig in. We could move. We could *move!* Then we'd hop on the streetcar and go win the other race.

"The only trouble we ever had was from a guy named Henry Thomas. He started winning a few, so we had to bump him a little. I'd bump him at the start and Whitey'd bump him at the 50-yard mark, and Henry was out of the money."

Hope might still be around Cleveland running in the footraces if it weren't for an amateur fighter named Happy Walsh. There are many bizarre stories about Hope's boxing career, some of them disseminated by Hope in his fiendish willingness to get a laugh even at his own expense. "I am the only fighter who was ever carried both ways," he has said, "In and out of the ring." Once he was interviewed about his pugilistic career:

Hope: I was a three-and-three fighter.

Interviewer: Three wins and three losses?

Hope: No. Three times knocked out and three times failed to show.

The noted baseball-and-lasagna historian, Joe Garagiola, has described Hope as "a fighter. A loser but a fighter. A 50-50 fighter. He didn't hurt anybody in or out of the ring."

This is not entirely untrue. Hope had half a dozen odd fights around the YMCA, bringing harm to no one. One day Whitey Jennings came to Hope and announced that he had entered the Ohio state amateurs under the name of Packy West. Not to be outdone, Hope signed up for the lightweight division as Packy East. In his first fight he met a timid boxer who kept turning to his corner for advice. Hope hit him while his head was turned and won the fight. Then he drew a bye and found himself in the semifinals against the Ohio lightweight champion, Happy Walsh. "He was called Happy because he just smiled back when he was slugged," Hope said later. "Nothing bothered this fellow—fists, knives, guns, nothing. He looked as if he even had muscles in his hair."

In the presence of a posse of howling fans from the Alhambra poolroom, Hope trembled his way into the ring to do battle. Walsh engaged in the classical act of feeling his opponent out in the first round. Hope took this for weakness. He began showing off his fancy footwork, and even popped Happy on the button, whereupon the cheery warrior dropped his gloves to his side and smiled. Full of confidence, Hope went out for the second round, threw a flamboyant right, "and that's all I remember," Others recall that Hope went down in a sitting position, bounced once and fell over. "I got so much resin in my hair," he said, "I can still play two verses of *Humoresque* in it with a comb."

The fight decided Hope's life. Up to then he had been torn between a career as a star athlete and a career as a brilliant entertainer. "Walsh knocked me right into dancing school," Hope says. "I never missed a beat." His only encounter with fisticuffs since the Walsh fight came when he was refereeing a boxing match in a movie with Mickey Rooney. The mighty mite unleashed a punch from the fourth row and decked Hope, thus enabling him to keep his personal losing

continued

New longer-life upholstery and carpeting— beautiful proof that Ford-built bodies are better built

The cloth in Ford-built cars has a rich, rugged all-nylon face. Easy to care for, too, it's treated for soil-resistance.

Handsome vinyls in Ford-built interiors have a 20% thicker face, 40% heavier backing. They can really take punishment, yet you'll find them as soft and pliable as leather.

Thick nylon-rayon carpet outlasts some by as much as 2 to 1. Carpet and pad are pre-contoured to floor for better fit.

Can upholstery so rich be rugged, too? Yes, if it's in a Ford-built car. For example, bucket seats are covered in extra thick vinyl that lasts and lasts. Other seats have a durable nylon face. What's more, before any fabric goes into a Ford-built car, it's tested to a fare-thee-well. Stretched. Scuffed. Flexed. Sun-tested. Seam-tested. Result? You get fabrics that say "welcome" to even tots and dogs. One more reason why Ford-built cars last you longer, need less care and keep their resale value better.

FORD • MERCURY • THUNDERBIRD • LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

Ford MOTOR COMPANY

FOR 60 YEARS THE SYMBOL OF DEPENDABLE PRODUCTS

Put out the bottle that shows you know SCOTCH!
Enjoy the extra smoothness that has always given "Black & White" a light, bright character all its own.

"BLACK & WHITE"

THE SCOTCH WITH CHARACTER

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.C. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

streak intact. Hope will drop everything to see a fight. He is still annoyed at missing Cassius Clay's debated win over Doug Jones. He flew from Nassau just to see the fight in New York, but the weather was bad and the plane landed instead in Montreal. Hope ran all over town looking for a theater showing the fight. Alas, there was none. He hopes to do better at the forthcoming Liston-Patterson fight. He thinks that Patterson deserves a rematch even though his showing in Chicago was "ridiculous."

Except for the night he won on "the onion picker," the former Packy East has fared about as well in his fight betting as he fared in his actual boxing. For some reason, he kept expecting Joe Louis to lose (except when Louis finally did lose). On the night of the Louis-Conn fight, Hope was doing his show from New Orleans, and he announced to the audience that he had a bet on Conn. After the second round he reported that Conn "*is fighting it just like we planned it.* He'll tire Louis and then it's curtains for Joe. If Conn wins, I may retire from radio. If he loses, I'm back in vaudeville. But we're winning, we're winning." After the eighth round Hope announced: "Well, money isn't everything."

Those were the years—the late '30s—when Hope discovered golf and Bing Crosby, a twin lode that has enriched both the field of humor and the coffers of more charities than even Mortimer Caplin could count. Wherever Hope and Crosby showed up, the mobs followed them, eager to catch a quip or two. "Here comes Crosby in his car," Hope would say. "He even drives a car with a slice." The "feud" waxed. "That Crosby is the most generous guy who ever lived," Hope told the press. "He'll spend two or three hundred bucks on a dinner party and think nothing of it. But if you clip him for a $5 bet on a round of golf you get plenty of moaning and you wait awhile for the five bucks."

Crosby would show up for a match and say, "How about the financial arrangements? Would 10, 10 and 10 [$10 for the first nine, $10 for the second and $10 for the match] suit you?"

"Yes," Hope would say, "but I want to see the money."

"You don't trust me?"

"Well, I don't want to bet unless you've got it with you. You have such a bad memory."

The game would start and Hope would shout: "Get that dog out of there before Crosby puts a saddle on him." Then he would begin a string of Crosby horse jokes. (As Hope had once explained to Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen: "Hollywood gives a comedian so many subjects to talk about. There's the movies, the weather, Crosby's clothes, Crosby's horses, Crosby's golf, Crosby's racetrack, Crosby's hair and Crosby.")

Hope would say: "I put $2 on one of Bing's horses and the horse balanced the $2 on his nose all the way around."

"Bing has the only horses I've ever seen that could start from a kneeling position."

"One of his horses is dying. It'll be the first one he ever saw finish. I should feel sorry, but I'll wait till Saturday to see if she runs before Bing decides to bury her."

"Did you hear about the strike Crosby's jockeys put on? They want to be paid by the hour."

"Those new streamlined trains go right past Crosby's stables, and every morning Bing goes out and lines up the horses. 'See,' he tells them as the train goes by, 'that's what I mean.' "

All this badinage effectively obscured the fact that Hope and Crosby, not necessarily in that order, were becoming fine amateur golfers. Hope now lists three holes in one and many a sub-par round; had he not been such a natural clown, had he approached the game with the funereal attitude of others, he might have become a serious threat in amateur championships. As it was, he contented himself with appearing in pro-am contests, almost always for charities. Playing for the first time on the Sacramento Golf Club with Babe Ruth, Crosby and the governor of California, Hope shot a 36, one over par, a remarkable round in view of the fact that Crosby had hired hot-dog vendors to shout at the top of their lungs every time Hope approached a ball. Hope recalls: "It was the morning after for the Babe. He hit left-handed and the crowd couldn't get used to his slice. It looked like the Normandy landings. He hit eight people. You could have made a fortune selling Band-Aids."

As recently as last February, Hope played with Arnold Palmer in the Phoenix pro-am. He matched Palmer's 35 on the first nine and took a 40 on the back nine, with a triple bogey on one hole. Palmer-Hope came in first. Said Hope: "I stole a little silverware." In England, Hope bet Palmer £5 on a 15-foot putt and watched Palmer miss it. Palmer gave Hope the same bet and Hope dropped the putt. "It takes a real pro," he announced, pocketing the money. Still, he has not yet added Palmer to his list of pigeons, a list that includes Senator Frank Lausche of Ohio ("I keep him in an aviary and I pull him out once in a while to clip his wings") and Dizzy Dean ("If I could play Dizzy a couple of games every winter for stakes, I could retire"). Hope has even made a few dollars in his day from the famed golfer and President, Dwight David Eisenhower.

One day Hope found himself partnered with Ike against two Senators. Hope butchered the course for an 84, and he and Ike lost $4 each. The next day Hope drew General Hoyt Vandenberg for a partner against Ike and another golfer. Hope shot a 75 and Ike was a $4 loser again. Pulling out the money, the President said to Hope, without a flicker of a smile: "You didn't play this way yesterday."

Hope never tires of kidding the former President about his love for golf. "You're never lonely when playing golf with Ike," he said. "Three or four Secret Service men ride along in your golf bag to make sure you don't swing your clubs too wildly. If you knock a ball into the rough and it stops near a tree, the tree becomes a Secret Service man and walks away." Hope said Ike once bawled out his caddie for looking at his watch. The caddie said, "This isn't a watch, Mr. President. This is a compass." And when Ike shanked a ball onto the adjacent fairway, the caddie observed: "You sure freed that one, Mr. Lincoln." Last year Hope cracked: "President Kennedy is

continued

flying to California. His wife is flying to Italy and India. Bobby is flying to Japan. Remember the good old days when you knew where the President was? Out on the golf course?"

For all the ragging, past and present, Hope enjoys a warm friendship with the former President. Hope's friends like to tell the story of how he took his son Tony, then a student at Georgetown University, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower at the White House. Mamie said, "Are you a freshman at Georgetown?" Tony explained that he was a junior.

"A junior?" Mrs. Eisenhower said. "How come you've never been to the house before?"

With President Kennedy, Hope is a trifle more distant, owing to the fact that the Kennedys seem to play everything but golf. But he still slips in an occasional barb. At a football banquet he bowed to the President and said, "Touch football is not a sissy sport. Up there in Hyannisport, roughing the passer is a federal rap." Hope swears that he once asked an athlete if he played touch football and the athlete answered, "No, I'm not interested in politics."

Only once in his long career in sports has Hope run into a sour situation, and that was in England. He showed up for the British Amateur at Porthcawl, Wales, announcing, "My putting's bad, but my long game stinks." Asked who else was playing in the Amateur, Hope said, "Oh, all the other great golfers." The late Bill Corum of the *New York Journal-American* wrote that Hope had an excellent chance to get into the second round; all he had to do was draw a bye in the first. Against this background of frivolity, Hope teed off and smacked the ball 50 yards dead ahead. To the 500 spectators, 24 stewards and assorted policemen, he said, "My usual drive. Always on the line, you see." Christopher C. Fox, a calm pipesmoker, eliminated Hope 2 and 1, commenting: "I didn't play my best by any means, but it was great fun." Not all of the high priests of British golf agreed; there was muffled criticism that Hope was making a travesty of the game. David Niven, shooting a picture at Pinewood, sallied into the fray: "I know him well enough to state that he entered the competition as a private sportsman with a great love of the game and of England, and not as a professional entertainer in search of publicity." That ended the fight till the next year, when Hope got a cable from the London *News Chronicle*, which wanted to know—harumph and ahem! whether Mr. Hope intended to play in the 1952 Amateur. Answered Hope: CERTAINLY HOPE I CAN WORK OUT MY SCHEDULE SO I CAN AGAIN BE A BIG THREAT IN BRITISH AMATEUR BING IS COMING TOO IF HE CAN GET ENOUGH ADRENALIN.

That night, *The Star*, sister paper of the *News Chronicle*, let loose a blast: "However much cinema fans may rejoice, golfers will feel only dismay at the probability of Bing Crosby and Bob Hope playing in our Amateur. Bing came to St. Andrews in 1950 and was welcomed. Bob came to Portheawl last year and was endured. Let us be spared the two of them together on one golf course. . . . Last year Hope never looked like a serious contender. His first match was a nightmare of gagging and tomfoolery. He departed leaving behind many sighs of relief."

Now having said the same thing in seven different ways, the crusading *Star* sat back and reaped the whirlwind. First to sound off was Jimmy Demaret, who had just finished winning the $10,000 Bing Crosby pro-am golf tournament with Hope as his partner. "England keeps talking of her golfers in comparing Crosby and Hope," Demaret said. "What golfers? Never heard of them." Demaret said he was stunned by the report. "I can't think of two guys who have done more for golf than Crosby and Hope. They have given everything to it and taken nothing from it. . . . I honestly believe that if Bob Hope or Bing Crosby could have the time to practice a little more they could lick 90% of the British amateurs."

Grantland Rice added: "Peevishness is breaking out all over the map, especially in England. Few first-class golfers would ever care to play in the British Amateur. It so happens Bing Crosby and Bob Hope have done more for golf along human and charity lines than any golfers in British history. Bob alone has given the British thousands in days of need, more than any Britisher ever gave to his own institutions."

Hope stayed away from the British Amateur, and instead issued a challenge. He and Bing would play any two British entertainers for any bet they wanted, "and they can have Lloyd's of London on their side." The match was played for charity later that year at the Temple Golf Club in Maidenhead, England, and the atmosphere was even more jolly than it had been at the Amateur. The British crowds mobbed Hope and Crosby, surrounded the greens before the tee shots and in general made such a howling mess of the match that it had to be called after nine holes, with Comedian Ted Ray and Singer Donald Peers 1 up. *The New York Times* commented: "Hope played his shots beautifully and consistently right where the crowds were biggest." A good time was had by all, and the *News Chronicle* and *Star* turned their cannons on weightier matters.

Hope and Crosby, having enriched another charity, returned to the United States to discover that the U.S. Olympic Committee was in financial trouble and would not be able to send a complete team to Helsinki. The pair promptly went on a 14½-hour telethon and raised more than a quarter of a million dollars. Said Avery Brundage, president of the committee: "This is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to us. It assures us of being able to send our strongest group of athletes to the Olympic Games. The Olympic Committee will be eternally grateful." Later that year Hope was elected chairman of the PGA Advisory Committee, and the association struck special medals for the three men they reckoned had done the most for golf: Bobby Jones, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. Hope carries the medal with him and will show it at the drop of an eyebrow.

Hope has been ordered to slow down since he suffered an embolism (blood clot) in his left eye in 1958. For a while it was feared he would lose the sight of the eye, and Earl Wilson wrote in his column: "Bob Hope never made anybody

continued

Will she be as great a player as Althea Gibson?

It's a long road from paddle tennis on the streets of New York to the championship at Wimbledon. But Althea Gibson went all the way. Twice she won that most coveted of tennis titles, twice she was U. S. Singles Champion. For her winning ways, she was named Outstanding Woman Athlete in 1957 and 1958.

Not every youngster can be a champion. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

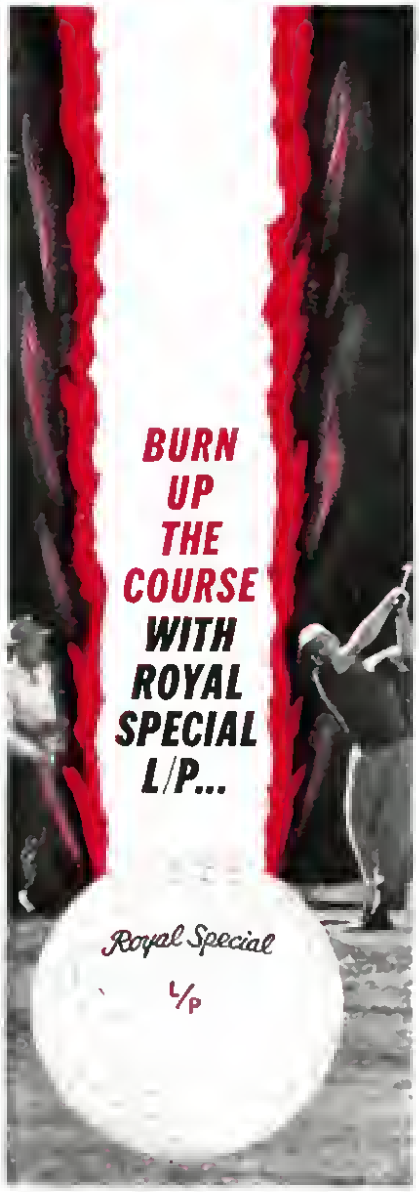
Never before has physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, been more important than it is today. President Kennedy has stated: "The strength of our democracy is no greater than the collective well-being of our people. . . . The level of physical fitness of every American citizen must be our constant concern."

To support the President's program, Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness —A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

For an attractive 7¾ x 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Althea Gibson, *to Equitable, G P O. Box 1828, N Y 1, N Y.*

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, N.Y. ©1963



...first golf ball with new ACCELERATOR Thread for faster getaway, greater go!

Thanks to Accelerator Thread, the Royal Special L/P takes a new faster leap off your clubhead. Delivers greater go for unexcelled distance. Gives a crisper click and sweeter "feel." Play the L/P—and start to burn up the course at your club. Sold only at golf professional shops.
LOOK FOR THE L/P

U.S. Royal
GOLF EQUIPMENT
United States Rubber
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.
WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF GOLF BALLS

sad until now." But specialists saved his eye and warned him to slacken his pace. Hope came out quipping on his television show. "I'm happy to say this is Bob Hope coming to you *live* from Hollywood," he began his monologue. "I'm back again, courtesy of my sponsor and the New York Medical Center's Parts Department." Hope said the doctors "have thinned out my blood to the point where I'm just a normal athlete now."

A few days later he went out on the course and knocked off a 34 for nine holes. He has been going ever since, despite repeated warnings from the doctors. A few weeks ago, taping his last show of the current season with Arnold Palmer as a guest, Hope bounced around the NBC-TV studios in Burbank as if the word "embolism" were not in the new Webster. A harassed Palmer, on his way to Las Vegas for the Tournament of Champions, found himself backed against the drapes over and over again for free lessons. When everybody else was taking five, Hope was practicing his swing. Warming up the audience, he was a study in nonstop chatter. He teed up a ball and hit it softly into a curtain. "You notice I'm holding back on my swing," he said. "I'd hate to shank a drive and thin out the crew. Now I shall give you the full swing. Fore! *Fore!* Have the hands a little in front, eh, Arnie? That's pretty interesting. I'm usually holding my pocketbook.

"All right, let's go, I'm starting to melt. Get dressed, Arnie. You ready? Always hanging around me for lessons, huh? Golf is my regular business, you know. The other stuff is just a sideline. I'm out there every day, playing 5¢ a hundred. I love it, too. I'm really sick. Golf's a game for fellows that are too old for girls and still want to get into a trap.

"I played with Phil Harris the other day and he had a terrible accident. He stepped up to the tee, blew on his hands and they disappeared. He had to quit on the second nine; his golf bag sprang a leak. He has the only five-iron in the world with a cork in the end. Made by Seagram. He had a terrific hangover. On the first hole he bent over to knock this putt in. Just as he was lining up the putt a dog ran between his legs. He never even looked up. He just rapped the putt in. I said, 'Didn't that dog bother you?' He said, 'Was that a real dog?' "

Off camera his friends commingled to exchange their favorite Hope ad libs. "He hooked into an amberjack in the Bahamas last month. It almost broke his arm. The rod was bouncing all over the place. He looked up and he said, 'Man, I wish I had a bigger belly button.' "

"One time he told me, 'My great Dane came from a litter of five. He was third, and paid $3.20 to show.' "

"He said he and Bing dug so many divots in England that Sussex is now in Devonshire."

"He stepped into a hole at the Bermuda Dunes Club and hurt his leg. He said, 'It won't bother me with my act. I'm used to working from a kneeling position.' He said, 'Luckily there was a doctor behind me. He ran up, saw I was hurt and asked if he could play through.'"

On camera, there is trouble. The script calls for a bus driver to break Hope's golf club over his knee and proclaim: "And next time, leave the driving to us!" Peter Leeds, the actor playing the bus driver, breaks the stick with too much enthusiasm and hits Hope in the groin. Hope cries out in pain, shouts, "We'll do the retakes tomorrow," and hobbles to his dressing room. Ten minutes later he returns and says, "For a minute there I thought I was in the Peppermint Lounge." During the retake, the new golf club fails to break. The audience dissolves into laughter, and Hope cries, "That couldn't happen the first time, huh? I coulda been 10 years younger."

A little later he is singing *Thanks for the Memory*, and another television season is over. Then he goes off to New York for 30 theater appearances and five dinner speeches in seven days, and as many rounds of golf as he can play. So much for the doctors. Hope has one pace, and that is full-throttle. He has no regrets. He is like the Teasdale poem. "If we had it all to do, It would be done the same again."

Except maybe he'd try to squeeze in a little more golf. Not baseball, however. "I'd like to have more time with the Cleveland club," he says, "but why should I louse them up?" END

YESTERDAY

TRAINER HENRY THOMAS LOOKS PROUDLY AT MISS ALMA AFTER HER RECORD DRIVE

A Fast Lass with a Sulky

An 11-year-old girl named Alma Sheppard set a harness horse record 26 years ago that has never been equaled **by RUSTY COWAN**

On a September day in 1937, an 11-year-old girl slipped into an undersized sulky at the "Red Clay Oval" track in Lexington, Ky. She wore a driver's jacket that had been cut down and basted, stitched and pinned. She tucked her blonde curls under a hat that was several sizes too large and moved her horse onto the starting stretch. Her objective was to break the teen-age harness-horse driving record of 2:05 3/4.

By the time the clay dust of Lexington's "Red Mile" had cleared, Alma Sheppard had driven Dean Hanover to a mile in 1:58½. No one—man, woman or teen-ager—had ever driven a 3-year-old sulky horse that fast. On the way Alma set records for a lady driver and for an amateur driver—records that still haven't been broken.

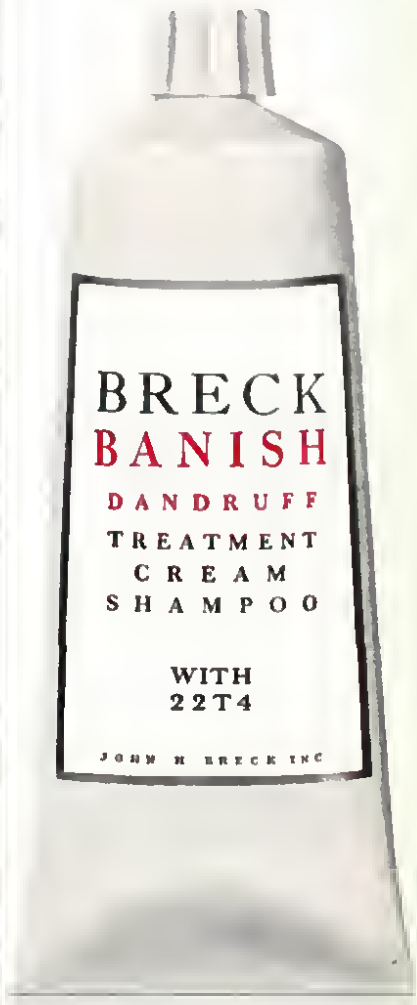
For a few weeks little Miss Alma rivaled Shirley Temple as America's Sweetheart. Trotting papers and magazines told the story over and over, progressing from superlative to euphemism to rhapsody. "She was fair of face," said John Hervey in *The Harness Horse*, "with a sweet, childish profile, a roseleaf complexion, golden hair and her expression not unlike that of some of the cherubs one sees on a Della Robbia plaque." He added that the little lady's feat "strained the bounds of probability to such an extent that it trespassed upon one's credulity."

It still seems implausible. In Alma's native Pennsylvania today, many politicians think that a girl of 11 should have to wait 10 years before even entering the grounds of one of the Keystone State's plush new harness tracks. A bill to bar persons under 21 from the tracks passed the State House of Representatives recently and is now being considered by the Pennsylvania Senate.

Alma had always been around horses. She was born the same year (1926) that her father, Lawrence B. Sheppard, now chairman of the Pennsylvania State Harness Racing Commission, established the world-famous Hanover Shoe Farms in southern Pennsylvania.

continued

BANISH DANDRUFF



MEN More than nine out of ten find dandruff relief in this tube of Breck Banish. Used regularly, medication 22T4 penetrates to condition and fortify the scalp. When the scaling surface layer is washed away, the new layer is smooth, elastic, healthy—will not flake. Regular use gives continuing control of dandruff. (Plastic tube won't break in shower or suitcase.)

2 oz., 75¢ 4 oz., $1.25

JOHN H BRECK INC
SPRINGFIELD MASS ©1963

1

A. L. Kirkpatrick of the Atlanta Quarterback Club responds to raconteur Joe Garagiola on the winter banquet circuit (SI, Jan. 14, '63)

2.

A man who needs no introduction grimaces and bears it during poignant moment of New York Mets' opening season (SI, Aug 13, '62)

3.

Austrian Olympic prospect Gerhard Nenning embraces teammate Edith Zimmerman after her victory in slalom at Innsbruck (SI, Feb 25, '63)

LAUGHTER

Laughter is music in the world of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. It is the sound of joy, and joy is the essence of the sound of sport. In SPORTS ILLUSTRATED laughter takes a thousand forms—the gleeful joy of victory, the wry amusement at ineptitude, the happy reminiscence of good times and good companions. With wit and humor, in writing and illustration, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editors recapture and enhance these joys for 1,000,000 families every week. In so doing they have earned a serious and solid vote of confidence from the nation's leading advertisers, who each year have increased their investment in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED until they have made it 7th in advertising pages among the hundreds of magazines published in America today. **Sports Illustrated**

IN MAINE'S
LOVELIEST LAKE
AND MOUNTAIN
COUNTRY

Here in "the last true frontier on the Eastern Seaboard," a luxury hotel on its own 1200 acre resort estate, provides everything you're looking for. The greatest hunting and fishing, private golf, tennis, swimming pool, boating, lake and stream fishing. Accessible by car, train or plane. June September

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or Rob't F. Warner, Inc., 630 5th Ave., N.Y.
JUdson 6 4500
also in
Boston Washington Chicago Toronto London

A Paradise of
Sun, Sand and Sea
Atlantic City
For a Vacation
You'll Never Forget

For Information, Write Room 51-B
Convention Hall, Atlantic City, N.J.

CINNAMON

Egyptian queens once used this wonderful spice—then worth its weight in gold—as a perfume. (*No wonder spicy tales were told of Cleopatra.*)

Today the finest of cinnamon—the delicate inner bark of a tree—comes from Ceylon. For superb quality spices and herbs ask for Wagner's—where fine foods are sold all over America.

John Wagner & Sons
PURVEYORS TO EPICURES SINCE 1847

139 EAST 52nd STREET
YOUR HOST • RENE
LA REINE
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS · DINNER
FINEST CONTINENTAL CUISINE
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL PL 3-3394

Chamberlayne JUNIOR COLLEGE
CO-ED. IN BACK BAY, BOSTON
Est. 1892
2-YEAR PROGRAMS
• IBM DATA PROCESSING LAB
Dormitories • Social/Recreational Activities
FOR CATALOG WRITE DR. N. J. HASENFUS
126 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

"Horses and all types of animals were her dolls," Sheppard recalled recently. "She had a cocker spaniel named Noodles when she was a little girl and would dress him up in doll clothes, put him in a baby buggy and take him for a ride. The old stallion, Dillon Axworthy, had been retired on our farm when Alma was 7. He was about 25 years old and cantankerous. Alma would go into his stall, wrap his legs like he was going to the races and take him out to graze. He seemed to know that she was something special and he wouldn't hurt her.

"And there *was* something special about Alma. A horse would try for her—try hard."

When Alma was 4 she started driving harness horses, sitting on the lap of Tom Berry, the famous old driver. A year later she had her own sulky and hitched an old gray mare named Almo to it. Still, Alma might have remained just another rich horseman's daughter had it not been for a fractious 4-year-old mare named Nimble Hanover.

"Nimble was a real outlaw," says Sheppard. "She had been abused somewhere along the line and hated men. Two of the best trainers in the business couldn't do a thing with her. But Alma made friends with Nimble just like a man would with a dog."

On July 27, 1937—less than two months before she set her world's record—Alma climbed into a sulky behind Nimble for her first drive in public. The mare trotted a mile in 2:09 3/4. Alma became the youngest driver ever to put a horse on the select list of trotters that had bettered 2:10 for the mile.

She didn't stop for a bow at the end of the mile but continued to the stables, where she went to work rubbing Nimble down. When cameramen found her there, she said simply: "I didn't do anything. The horse did it." A week later she drove Nimble through a mile in 2:09½. About this time Sheppard set about rectifying one of his infrequent errors of judgment about horses. Two years earlier he had sent Dean Hanover to the Old Glory Sales in New York and saw him bought by H. Stacy Smith of Short Hills, N.J., for $410. Later Sheppard turned down a chance to buy him back for $6,000 because "no horse was worth that." In 1937 he bought him back for $20,000.

Dean Hanover was the last colt sired by Dillon Axworthy and he had proved to be the fastest—midway through his 3-year-old season he trotted a mile in 2:00¼. "There has never been another one like him and there never will be another one, no matter how long you go," says Sheppard.

Alma had just one practice session with Dean Hanover before the time trial at Lexington. On the day of the trial everything seemed to go wrong. A special driver's jacket and hat ordered for Alma failed to arrive. Henry Thomas, the Hanover Farms' trainer, took one of Sheppard's jackets and cut it down. He pinned one of Sheppard's hats on Alma and then helped her onto her specially built sulky—her legs were too short for a regular-sized one.

As she scored the horse, veteran trainers noted that she was a driver of unusual skill. She sent Dean through the first quarter in 29½ seconds as Thomas kept a Thoroughbred "prompter"—hooked to a sulky but permitted to run—just behind her.

The runner couldn't keep up as Alma and Dean hit the half in 58½ seconds. Many in the big and knowing crowd murmured that Dean would surely be burned out before he finished the mile. But he went the next quarter in 30 seconds and everyone sensed that something special was happening. As they swept down the long homestretch, the horse responded perfectly to Alma's urgings although she never used the whip. The crowd roared when the time was posted as 1:58½, breaking the old record for 3-year-old trotters by three-quarters of a second.

The roar was partly one of disapproval, however. Many people in the stands had clocked the time as low as 1:58. A petition was later circulated by the famous horseman and tobacconan, W. N. Reynolds, to have the record lowered to that mark. But Alma's time went into the book as 1:58½—and there it remains today.

Alma shrugged the whole thing off, just as she had done before, with "I didn't do anything. The horse did it." But five other drivers—Henry Thomas, Tom Berry, Karl Recor, Dr. H. M. Parshall and Sheppard himself—drove Dean Hanover to world records of one type or another both before and after Alma's ride. And not one was able to better Alma's 1:58½. Alma, herself, never set any more records and retired from driving while still in her teens. **END**

WEMBLEY E-Z ON NECKWEAR—$1.50 $2.50 AND $3.50

Why knot?

Wembley's E-Z On tie makes it neat and easy not to knot... it's pre-tied, that's why. And no one will ever know the difference. Just slip the clip over your collar... tuck in the side tabs... and presto, you're ready and raring to go. Cool and impeccable. Every E-Z On has the famous Wembley Color Guide® that tells at a glance just what color suit the tie goes best with. Why knot, indeed? You'll find Wembley ties at most fine stores, priced from $2.50 to $7.50.

wembley®
the tie with the COLOR GUIDE®

WEMBLEY, INC., EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.

Take off in all directions.

(But take along Gulf's Tourgide kit... and your Gulf Credit Card.)

Tell us where you're going and when. Gulf Tourgide Service will tell you how best to get there... how to avoid detours and delays... where to stay along the way. Your Tourgide kit will include road maps—picked and marked expressly for your trip. (The quickest route? The scenic route? You tell us—Gulf knows them all.) You'll get motel guide books, too—and a log book for recording your trip expenses. Don't forget your Gulf Credit Card, either. It's a must for a well-planned trip. Most everything you need for your car can be charged at your Gulf dealer's. You can travel with less cash throughout the U. S. A. and Canada—by using your Gulf Card for gasoline, motor oil and so many other items all along the way. Ask your Gulf dealer for a free Tourgide request card—and a Gulf Credit Card application, too. Just fill them out and drop them in the mail. Gulf will take care of everything. You just pack. □ *Gulf Oil Corporation.*

GULF CARE MAKES YOUR CAR RUN BETTER

BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER It has not quite reached that point yet, but if Cal McLish continues pitching as well as he has recently, Philadelphia Manager Gene Mauch may inquire: "Do you feel weak enough to pitch today?" After two losses this year, McLish recalled that he used to have a good sinker when he did not feel so strong. McLish experimented by warming up two days before he was to start a game and the results showed that one of his strongest assets was his weakness. "Now that I don't feel so strong I don't try to throw the ball past the hitter and my control is better," McLish says. It was never better than last week when he walked only one man as he shut out the Giants on five hits and beat the Reds 5–1 with a four-hitter. In his past four games he has allowed an average of 4.2 hits, 1.5 walks and 1.0 runs. As a result, the 37-year-old McLish, who has worn seven major league uniforms since signing with the Dodgers in 1944, finally evened his lifetime major league record at 82–82.

CAL McLISH

THE PLAYER Rich Rollins hit .550, Camilo Pascual had a two-hitter and Minnesota Manager Sam Mele had few complaints about the performance of any of his athletes. But not many of them had lived up to advance billing until Captain Harmon Killebrew came back. Out with a knee injury for most of the season, Killebrew returned May 11. It took him a few games to recover his timing, but as soon as it came, the Twins went. In last place when Killebrew finally connected for a homer, the Twins followed their leader to sweep nine out of 10 games and shoot up to sixth place. Killebrew had 12 RBIs and five home runs, one a grand-slam. "The first time I hit a slam," Killebrew recalled, "they sent me to Charlotte the next day." Do not look for Killebrew at Charlottetown Mall tomorrow, however. Mele was so ecstatic about his star's performance that even though Killebrew was up to only .225, Mele said he thought he would surely hit .300 for the first time this year.

HARMON KILLEBREW

THE TEAM Successive shutout losses to the Mets and Phillies seemed to signal San Francisco's annual slump. No Giant was more glum than Felipe Alou. "When you hit as bad as I am you gotta do something. Jump over the fence, maybe." Instead, he slammed a home run over the fence—his third hit in 40 ABs—and beat the Phillies 6–5. Other homers, by Jose Pagan (until then 0 for 20) and Tom Haller (a grand slam), helped win two more games. Still, the Giants could not pull away from the surging Dodgers, winners of eight in a row going into last weekend's three-game series in San Francisco. But Sandy Koufax, who pitched a no-hitter against the Giants the last time he faced them, did not get by the first inning of the opening game. Orlando Cepeda (.381 for the week) hit a three-run double and Alou a two-run homer in that first inning. A seventh-inning home run by Ed Bailey, his fourth of the week, enabled the Giants to win the second game. Bailey, a .232 hitter last year and a .333 batter so far this season, attributed much of his current success to sleepless winter nights. "I'd lie in bed thinking about pitchers, trying to analyze why I hit some and didn't hit others."

THE TEAM The people of Baltimore, registered 4 to 1 Democrat, turned out their Democratic mayor three weeks ago. Registered maybe 400 to 1 as Oriole fans, they turned out hardly at all last week for the hottest team in baseball; the average attendance was only 8,400 for a first-place team in the midst of winning eight straight games and 13 of 14. Instead, the fans left the pennant-race excitement to the Orioles themselves, who responded in such a way that a couple of guys who are not exactly playful kids—Coach Hank Bauer and Pitcher Stu Miller—chased each other in glee around the locker room with a shaving cream bomb. The populace also missed out on good pitching (2.10 ERA), power hitting (12 HRs) and excellent fielding (only three errors, none by infielders or outfielders). Manager Billy Hitchcock—until recently no more popular than the ousted Democrat—turned strictly GOP. Genius Oriole Pilot. For instance, he actually dared to ask Jim Gentile to sacrifice for the first time in his 11-year career. "I didn't even know the sign," Gentile said. But the bunt worked. If leading the league won't stir the fans from their crab cakes, maybe the excitement of Jim Gentile bunting will.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	HITS	BA	HR	ERA	OPP HITS	OPP WALKS
SAN FRANCISCO	5	1	51	262	11	2.17	40	10
CINCINNATI	4	1	36	221	1	2.60	36	14
LOS ANGELES	4	2	47	242	4	3.05	40	18
PITTSBURGH	4	2	47	237	3	1.21	41	13
ST. LOUIS	4	2	67	307	6	3.05	40	32
CHICAGO	3	4	64	256	2	3.44	63	20
HOUSTON	2	4	51	246	2	3.54	59	12
PHILADELPHIA	2	4	45	228	2	3.96	45	13
MILWAUKEE	2	4	32	168	4	2.38	39	23
NEW YORK	0	6	25	128	2	5.37	62	25

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	HITS	BA	HR	ERA	OPP HITS	OPP WALKS
BALTIMORE	7	1	65	253	12	2.10	49	29
MINNESOTA	6	1	65	269	13	3.63	52	24
NEW YORK	5	1	61	290	7	3.21	45	24
CHICAGO	4	3	56	235	6	4.13	57	15
KANSAS CITY	3	3	58	256	8	5.26	66	25
CLEVELAND	2	4	47	237	7	5.30	57	29
DETROIT	2	4	40	209	3	4.67	52	25
LOS ANGELES	2	4	54	250	6	3.53	39	21
BOSTON	2	5	63	265	9	4.94	64	22
WASHINGTON	0	7	40	175	3	4.80	68	26

THE SEASON*	BEST	WORST
BATTING	Covington, Phil .358	Jones, Mil .163
HOME RUN HITTERS	Aaron, Mil 14 (1 per 11½ AB)	Schofield, Pitt 0 (160 AB)
RBIs	Aaron, Mil 35	Landrum, Chi 0
PITCHING	O'Dell, SF 7-0	Jay, Cin 1-7
ERA	Ellsworth, Chi 1.09	Gibson, StL 6.38
WALKS	Nuxhall, Cin 8 (1 per game)	Gibson, StL 33 (6 per game)
STRIKEOUTS	Drysdale, LA 65 (7 per game)	Burdette, Mil 14 (2 per game)

	BEST	WORST
BATTING	Causey, KC .369	Mejias, Bos .150
HOME RUN HITTERS	Wagner, LA 13 (1 per 11½ AB)	Fox, Chi 0 (152 AB)
RBIs	Wagner, LA 37	Colliet, Wash 6
PITCHING	Barber, Balt 5-3	Belinsky, LA 1-7
ERA	Pappas, Balt 1.59	Belinsky, LA 6.43
WALKS	Roberts, Balt 3 (½ per game)	McDowell, Clev 33 (6½ per game)
STRIKEOUTS	Barber, Balt 64 (6½ per game)	Rudolph, Wash 17 (3 per game)

*through Saturday, May 25

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—In a straight player deal JERRY LYNCH, whose pinch-hitting prowess helped the Cincinnati Reds to a 1961 pennant and coined the phrase "Lynch in the Pinch," was traded to the Pittsburgh Pirates for Outfielder BOB SKINNER. The Washington Senators and New York Mets were also swapping. Soft-spoken GIL HODGES, 39, a major leaguer for 18 years (Dodgers and Mets), left New York and the National League to manage the Washington Senators, as unpredictable JIMMY PIERSALL journeyed up from Washington to become a Met. Meanwhile the Washington infield was graced by a freshman Senator just up from the minors, Name: JOHN KENNEDY.

Party-loving BO BELINSKY, left-handed pitcher with a 1-7 won-lost record, having proved an angel fit only for falling, was sent to Hawaii of the Pacific Coast League by the Los Angeles Angels and will not return until his form does.

BASKETBALL—The world championships bounced to a close in Rio de Janeiro with Defending Champion BRAZIL clinching the seven-team round-robin tourney with a perfect 6-0 record. A surprising Yugoslavia team finished second with 5-1 while Russia finished third with two losses (Brazil and Yugoslavia). The U.S. dribbled into fourth place, losing to all three top finishers.

After three years as coach of the Royals, CHARLEY WOLF decided to leave both Cincinnati and the Eastern Division and signed a two-year contract as coach of the Detroit Pistons. He replaces Dick McGuire, who resigned April 15 after one of the Pistons' worst seasons yet (won 34, lost 46). Wolf had compiled a 125–130 record and taken the Royals to the NBA playoffs twice, but felt insecure at the helm. "I got the message," he said, "when Warren Hensel [the Royals' new owner] didn't invite me to the NBA college draft meeting this spring. I gathered I didn't fit into the new owner's plans." Owner Hensel's comment: "Absolutely perfect for everybody concerned."

CHESS—After two long, long months, the ninth world chess champion was finally crowned in Moscow when Russian Challenger TIGRAN PETROSYAN defeated world champion and fellow countryman Mikhail Botvinnik 12½ points to 9½. Called "Tiger" by his wife and "Iron Petrosyan" by the Soviet public, the young (33) challenger simply tired out his older (51) opponent in the 24-game series.

GOLF—In weather only Scots could love—hail, sleet, wind and rain—the British Walker Cup team threatened to upset a royal and ancient tradition by taking a 6-to-3-point lead over the favored U.S. in Turnberry, Scotland, but next day under clear skies the American amateurs returned to form and won the Walker Cup for the 18th time in 19 attempts dating back to 1922 (*see page 54*).

HARNESS RACING—The $231,000 Harness Tracks of America spring pace series came to a close with an upset victory at Chicago's Sportsman's Park. Stanley Dancer guided LEHIGH HANOVER ($6.80) to a one-length triumph over Adora's Dream, who had gone undefeated in the five preliminary races throughout the country.

HOCKEY—After much hemming, hawing and hedging, the Chicago Black Hawks finally fired Coach RUDY PILOUS. With the club since 1958, when the Hawks ended up fifth and out of the cellar for the first time in four years, Pilous improved on the record with four third-place finishes and a Stanley Cup victory in 1961. Then last season, with their first league championship seemingly clinched, the Hawks went into a spin, yielded first place to Toronto and the Stanley Cup semifinals to Detroit. Their dreary finish was too much for Co-Owner James D. Norris, and Raconteur Rudy was out. A likely successor: BILLY REAY, who coached the Hawks' Buffalo Bisons to an American Hockey League championship this past season.

HORSE RACING—With Manuel Ycaza in the irons, FIRM POLICY ($5.70) scampered to a 4½-length triumph over pace-setting Tamarona in the $55,200 Top Flight Handicap at Aqueduct. Favorite Cicada finished a tired third, seven lengths back of the winner.

DOC JOCOY ($12.60), with Willie Harmatz aboard, overtook Crazy Kid in the stretch and just won the $55,350 Los Angeles Handicap at Inglewood. Favorite Winonly, trying to score his second straight triumph in the race, couldn't catch the two flying front-runners and finished third.

In their first day as legitimate Vermont merchants, the pari-mutuel machines at GREEN MOUNTAIN PARK toted up a paltry handle of $220,651. A horse appropriately named HARD NOSE won the $5,000 feature to pay shrewd bettors $3.40.

MOTOR SPORTS—Defending World Driving Champion GRAHAM HILL of England successfully opened the 1963 season by driving his BRM to victory in the 100-lap Grand Prix de Monaco. The mustached Briton was followed across the finish line by BRM teammate Richie Ginther of Granada Hills, Calif., while New Zealand's Bruce McLaren, driving a Cooper, roared in third.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING—The unruffled snow atop Mt. Everest, highest mountain in the world, was becoming as trampled as a city sidewalk. Last month James Whittaker became the first American to scale the peak. Last week four more Americans mingled their footprints with his at the top. WILLIAM UNSOELD and THOMAS HORNBEIN reached the peak by climbing the hitherto never attempted West Ridge. Earlier in the day BARRY BISHOP and LUTHER JERSTAD climbed to the summit via the South Col, the route taken by Whittaker. It was the first time four men had reached the summit on the same day. "We feel very good about it," said Expedition Leader Norman Dyhrenfurth, despite the fact that two climbers, Bishop and Unsoeld, were so frostbitten they had to be plucked off by helicopter.

ROWING—In its final test before the IRA championships, last year's winner CORNELL continued to dominate college crew by snapping Pennsylvania's four-year winning streak in the Crawford Madeira Cup with a two-length triumph. This spring the Big Red has taken the wake of only one rival—The Ratzeburg Rowing Club of Germany—and before suffering the loss the college eight defeated the world champions in a heat.

TENNIS—Playing below their usual form, the Australians let a few outsiders into the finals of the French Championships in Paris but still managed to clinch four of the five titles. Aussie ROY EMERSON squeaked into the men's finals and held his game together long enough to defeat Pierre Darmon, the first Frenchman to get that far in 17 years, 3–6, 6–1, 6–4, 6–4. Meanwhile, LESLEY TURNER, behind until the 11th game of the second set, came back and beat Ann Haydon Jones of England 2–6, 6–3, 7–5, to give the Australians the women's title. In doubles play EMERSON teamed with MANUEL SANTANA of Spain to take the men's crown, while Aussie ace MARGARET SMITH [whose defeat in the quarter-finals of the singles was the major upset of the tourney] teamed with countryman KEN FLETCHER to win the mixed doubles. In the final that got away—the women's doubles—South Africa's RENEE SCHUURMAN and England's ANN HAYDON JONES downed the Aussie team of Margaret Smith and Robyn Ebbern.

TRACK & FIELD—One official world record, plus two more that might have been, and the third fastest mile in history highlighted the California Relays (*see page 26*) in Modesto, Calif. With no complications, the OREGON STATE two-mile-relay team brought the Beavers their first world mark by pacing the distance in 7:18.9. University of Washington sophomore BRIAN STERNBERG cleared 16 feet 7 inches in the pole vault and would have regained the world record but it appeared that the crossbar was too long. And in an even more ludicrous situation, hitherto unknown PHIL SHINNICK, also of Washington, leaped 27 feet 4 inches in the broad jump, bettering Igor Ter-Ovanesyan's record by ¾ inch, but since no one had bothered to check the wind gauge to see if there was an aiding breeze the record was disallowed. In the mile New Zealand's PETER SNELL breezed to a 3:54.9 victory, with Cary Weisiger second in 3:57.3, while Jim Beatty and Jim Grelle finished third and fourth respectively, in 3:58.

"I wanted to do something for the last race of my college career. It's a nice way of saying thanks and so long," said University of New Mexico senior ADOLPH PLUMMER after breaking the world 440-yard record at the Western Athletic Conference track meet in Tempe. Plummer covered the distance in 44.9 seconds and for the first time in over 12 meetings beat Arizona State University's Ulis Williams, who also got in under the record (45.7) with a 45.6 clocking.

MILEPOSTS—DIED: JUDGE CLIFFORD (Gavvy) CRAVATH, 83, former major league baseball player in Laguna Beach, Calif. Gavvy led the National League in home runs six times and reached his peak in 1915 as an outfielder with the Philadelphia Phillies when he hit 24 homers, a record that stood until Babe Ruth hit 29 in 1919.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

18, 19—Walter Iooss Jr., 2, Jack Grundy and George Long; 20—permission of New York Herald Tribune; 31—Dick Darcey; 40—map by William Bernstein; 50—Walter Iooss Jr.; 56—Dick Parks; 64, 65—Phil Bath; 67—Allan Grant LIFE; 78—Milton H. Greene, Jerry Frulkoff, Jim Balog.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DOROTHY B. HAUGHTON, wife of famed Harness Driver Billy Haughton, won a race of her own with Thoroughbred Fast Date at Aqueduct. Nine hours later her husband brought more honors to the family by becoming the first U.S. sulky driver to win 2,000 races.

DELMAN McNABB, a senior at Lake Charles (La.) High School, hurled the javelin 231 feet 1½ inches to break the national scholastic mark by 5 feet 7 inches in a state meet. Delman, a star footballer as well, will enter McNeese State College on a track scholarship next fall.

DORIS RILEY, who earns a living exercising horses, was one of nine lady jockeys to enter the 12th Powder Puff Preakness at Pimlico. She engineered Freight Train over the five furlongs in a creditable 1:00⅖ to become the winning jockeyette for the fourth time.

MALCOLM LeBLANC, 25, furiously paddled his dugout canoe over a rugged four-mile course on Bayou Barataria—former Louisiana hideaway of Pirate Jean Lafitte—and slid past 15 contenders to stash away his fifth consecutive world pirogue championship.

MRS. LORENE ELLIS, a Nabesna housewife and mother of four, was awarded the first Klineburger Trophy as the 49th state's "big-game hunter of the year." She achieved the honor by bagging a near-world-record moose five miles from her Alaska home.

BILL BROWN, 18, a senior at Creighton Prep in Omaha, won the state high school tennis title an unprecedented fourth time. Making good use of a powerful serve, he has blasted his way to victory in 15 matches this spring without dropping a set.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE CRISIS

Sirs:

Congratulations to John Underwood, for his excellent, penetrating analysis of *The True Crisis* (May 20) confronting the American sports scene. Such articles as this are necessary to arouse the public to the realization that sports must be anchored to the integrity of every individual participant, in the hope that "the American pastimes" do not become merely another facet of big business

RONALD K. BENNINGTON

Canton, Ohio

Sirs:

I appreciate your well-written article on the possibilities of ruining sports if the powers that be are not ever on the alert. Baseball survived because the magnates were smart enough to pick Judge Landis to supervise its activities. But when the magnates thought Old Mountain was getting too severe, they asked him to tone down. The judge replied that he would tear up his $50,000 contract and step out before he would be compromised. Result: the magnates took the hint.

Currently, Football Commissioner Pete Rozelle is in a similar predicament—the penalties he dealt Hornung and Karras appear very severe compared with the extent of the infractions, but were Rozelle to overlook this who knows what further liberties would be taken. My opinion is that Rozelle acted correctly.

WALTER (TUGBOAT) ANDERSON

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Sirs:

Why supposedly good Americans would censure Mr. Rozelle for trying to protect and save the great game of football, I wouldn't know. I wish him all good things.

E. M. NESBITT, D.D.

Beaver, Pa.

Sirs:

I am 15 years old, and Paul Hornung is a hero to me. In no way has his brightness been dulled by the gambling incident. Gambling to me and other kids is not a crime that a person should be punished for. Kids make small bets on games (like a quarter), and when we grow up we'll probably still bet.

The question is: Is it wrong to bet on games? As far as I'm concerned, Paul Hornung played his best in every game and gave the fans their money's worth. Is this wrong? Of course not! The fans are the ones who are going to be punished by the decision forbidding him to play.

JAMES VAN BUSKIRK

Tully, N.Y.

● Jim, the question is: Is it wrong to bet on games when you have agreed to observe a rule against doing so?—ED.

Sirs:

Your loudest battle cry is "example to our youth," but how many children today really do worship their sports heroes? The adult fan, what of his worship? Mr. Underwood believes him to be a passionate, idealistic lover, whose tender sensibilities must be protected at all costs. I wonder if Mr. Underwood has ever sat in the middle of the standard group of sports snipers? We are little people, we members of the great god public, so little that most of us cannot really enjoy the success of anybody bigger than we. We draw up a list of rigid superhuman specifications for the playing performances of our athletes, and when they fail by a tiny margin to meet those specifications we abuse them mercilessly. We also set up similarly unrealistic moral specifications. When a man fails to meet those we pretend to be shocked and hurt, we may even believe we are, but I believe that secretly or subconsciously many of us are delighted, our own wretchedly imperfect egos never felt so good.

K. C. MACLEOD

Boston

Sirs:

Isn't there enough talk about point spreads, shaving points and all the rest of it without your idolizing a guy like Hornung?

My hat is off to Pete Rozelle. He is the one who should have made the cover.

THOMAS JENKINS

Cincinnati

THE LOCKER ROOM

Sirs:

One factor unmentioned in your piece is apparent week after week within the very covers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED itself. There the playing of games for pay and/or pleasure is treated as some sort of solemn holy rite. The Greeks had a word for it—*hubris*, as I recall it, the defect of overwhelming pride, of "wanton arrogance" and the resultant "disregard of moral laws or restraints."

As one who has played football, semipro baseball and performed that highest form of masochistic exercise, cross-country running,

continued

For On-the-Spot Relief from Upset Stomach

heartburn, gas or other symptoms of acid indigestion

Get... PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS MINT FLAVORED FAST RELIEF FROM UPSET STOMACH – INDIGESTION HEARTBURN

AVAILABLE IN TINS OF 30, BOTTLES OF 75 AND 200 TABLETS

Say it with Sports Illustrated

Whether you want to say Happy Birthday . . . Congratulations . . . Good luck . . . Thanks for the Favor . . . a colorful gift of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will rise to the occasion. For SI arrives fresh and bright every week of the year . . . promises news, adventure and fine reading for the whole family. Why not pick it next time you're shopping for a gift? Just send us the name and address of your friend (yours, too, please) . . . tell us how to sign the gift card. We'll bill you later. $6.75 for one; $5 each if you order two or more gifts.

Sports Illustrated

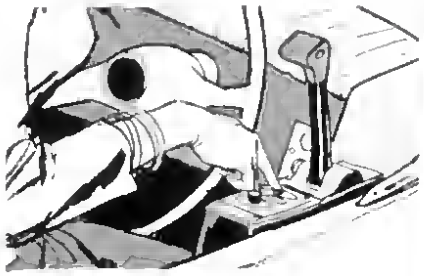
Dept. 3406/540 North Michigan Avenue/Chicago 11, Ill.

SURE-FOOTED COMFORT

most flexible, coolest on deck court campus

SPERRY TOP-SIDER

17 Rubber Ave. Naugatuck, Ct.



CLICK TO **BACK**

CLICK TO **GO!**

It's that simple.

Evinrude's push-button electric shift makes driving a boat as easy aa driving your car.

It's all done with a finger touch. You just push a button, feed the gas and steer.

How does it work?

Simple. The control box up front has a throttle lever and three buttons – neutral, forward, reverse. The buttons are connected by sealed wire to an electric clutch which drives the propeller.

Can you depend on it?

Completely! There's nothing to get out of order except the push-button switches. And we test them for 1,000,000 cycles. That's equivalent to 50 years of operation.

After that you may have to buy new buttons.

Other luxury features are just as reliable. Like an automatic choke. Like a thermostat control to keep your engine at peak operating efficiency . . . provide better lubrication and prolong engine life.

To prove it, we give you a two-year warranty.

We make two push-button models. The 40 hp Lark and the 75 hp Starflite.

With either one you can be lazy without being shiftless.

Like to try?

Just see your Evinrude dealer. Look him up in the Yellow Pages. Ask for catalog, or write Evinrude Motors, 4048 N. 27th St., Milwaukee 16, Wis.

EVINRUDE 2-Year Warranty

EVINRUDE

FIRST IN OUTBOARDS

there is not conveyed to me in your articles the genuine and memorable sweet-and-sour stenches of sport: the basic hostility of the locker room, the basic hostility of crowds to players and the ill temper, enviousness and destructiveness of most participants during moments of play.

A Nathanael West could have well set the climactic scene of his novel, *The Day of the Locust*, at any little league game. And in the essay collection, *The Crack-up*, F. Scott Fitzgerald discusses the progressive deterioration of Ring Lardner because he was a sensitive adult enmeshed in writing about grown men playing the sports of boys. "However deeply Ring might cut into it," wrote Scott, "his cake had exactly the diameter of Frank Chance's diamond."

A. WESLEY BARTHELMES JR.

Washington

Sirs:

In my opinion, you have begged the crucial question concerning college sports, namely, what should be the criteria for college entrance. If we admit that college exists for education and that purpose alone, and that this is the sole function for its existence, then *any* criteria for admission that doesn't relate to the scholastic ability of the applicant is irrelevant. If, on the other hand, we assert that college functions to train prospective players for the National Football League or to provide violinists for the concert stage, then scholastic ability becomes irrelevant and these other abilities become crucial. The attempt to establish a middle ground finds us in a morass of hypocrisy.

If we *really* mean to be honest in this mess, and a mess it is, then we must give an honest answer. The athlete or violinist or what have you who has scholastic ability warranting a scholarship should be given one, as a scholar. The athlete or otherwise talented *individual who doesn't have* such ability does not belong in college.

SHERMAN R. SLAVIN

Watertown, Conn.

Sirs:

The *idea* of an academic institution investing in subsidized, spectator sports is about as sensible as the Green Bay Packers hiring personnel for pure research in the humanities. The moral issue in sports (and other phases of living) seems to revolve about *our unlimited capacity for self-deception.*

FRANK WELDER

Monroe, La.

THE PEOPLE

Sirs:

John Underwood warns "the men at the top" that their conduct must be changed so their profits may continue, or conversely, he calls for higher standards or it will hit them in the all-important pocketbook. I'm glad I am no longer in Venezuela, where my copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED were so welcomed by Venezuelans who loved American sports and athletes, and where someone might ask for an explanation. You haven't left me any room to deny the charge that "Americans are only interested in the dollar!"

MRS. RAYMOND ACEVEDO

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Sport cannot be any less corrupt than the society of which it is a part. Our merchandising society has made money the national god. Therefore money is power, and its corrupting influence will continue to be a dominant feature of the American way of life, sports included.

ALEXANDER TAYLOR

New York City

Sirs:

Your fine essay on the easy morality of sport could be projected, it seems to me, onto an even larger screen. Sport today is only a reflection of all endeavor in this age of the "little lie," which almost makes a must of easy virtue. Hitler, Stalin and their propagandists were blamed for sapping public morals with the Big Lie, which is an easily recognizable device if anyone cares to examine it. Far more dangerous, in my view, is the little lie of Madison Avenue, which is designed to make "squares" of anyone who takes truth at its face value. The manufacturer swears on a stack of TV sets that his product is absolutely in every way the best there is, but he doesn't really want you to believe it. All he means is that you should *try it.* It is no worse, *he is really saying,* than any other. The popular politician insists absolutely and categorically that he is not a candidate for the highest office in the land —and everybody takes it for granted that he is lying through his teeth, and they love him for it.

Wendell Willkie was almost laughed out of politics when he excused something he had said with the alibi that it was only "campaign oratory." You just don't say those things, yet everyone knows that campaign talk is no more reliable than a double-your-money-back-if-not-absolutely-satisfied guarantee. Who of us today is absolutely satisfied?

In this age of hipster morality, perhaps the one cardinal, unforgivable sin is the sin of believing. What are you? Some kind of a square? No wonder sport has a hard time finding its way around.

PETER SANDERS

Hempstead, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a wise man once said, "There are no degrees of honesty."

CHARLES H. DICKSON JR.

Park Forest, Ill.

Happy any day!

The world's most wanted gift whisky every day of the year!

There's always a day for a present. And people have told us, *on* the record, that they'd rather get Canadian Club than any other whisky. It has the lightness of Scotch, the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon, and a distinctive taste no other whisky can match. P.S. If anyone should ask you how light Canadian Club actually is, tell him it's the lightest whisky in the world.

get Lots More from L&M

more body in the blend
more flavor in the smoke
more taste through the filter

It's the rich-flavor leaf that does it! L&M has more rich-flavor leaf than even some unfiltered cigarettes. **And L&M's filter is the modern filter** —*all white*—inside and outside—so only pure white touches your lips.

L&M's the filter cigarette for people who really like to smoke.